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THE
LAUREL WREATH.

A

Christmas and New Year's
GIFT.

Edited by Rev. S. D. BURCHARD.



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THE LAUREL WREATH.

ANNUALS.

AN ANNUAL is an offering at the shrine of friendship—a token of hallowed reminiscences that live and linger around the heart. And we hail, with gladness, the “Wreaths,” the “Amaranths,” the “Magnolias,” the “Dahlias;” these flowers of thought and sentiment that remain fresh and fragrant even amid the coldness of winter. They show that there are yet some verdant spots in our world, consecrated to genius, to poetry, to friendship. They take the place, of customs ancient, and honorable, to the better feelings of our nature; but which are gradually falling into disuse. Now as we are admirers of antiquity, we love to look back to olden times, when the world had not lost its rude simplicity, was more social and homely and abounded more in the “ancient honesty” of right good fellowship. If the exterior was uncouth, the man *within*—the soul was full and flowing over with the rich “milk of human kindness.”

Christmas was then a great Jubilee day—voices of mirth sounded out from hill and valley, while voices of praise filled the vaulted arches of every sanctuary

with their pealing Hozannas. It was a high festival, in humble cottages and baronial halls. Mutual kindnesses and gratulations were given and returned. The noble sympathies of our nature broke forth with a freer flow, freshening all the old memories of the heart. The past became the present. Imagination in her "airy flight" brought again the old familiar faces of the lost and the loved—the very dead came back again,

"Even in the loveliest looks they wore."

Hushed now are the carols of merry Christmas—hushed even in England—merry Old England. The noise and clattering machinery of busy life have drowned all the glorious voices of the piping and singing times.

"The curse of gold upon the land
The lack of bread enforces—
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's White Horses."

So, too, in the land of the Pilgrims: her "Thanksgiving-Day" is not what it once was. It lacks the deep earnestness of the old Puritan piety. Men there were, that then went up to the city of their King with thanksgiving and songs of praise.

What a dinner, too, was the old Thanksgiving dinner! You might fancy it a hecatomb—a free-will offering to the genius of hospitality. There was the father, venerable in form, and frosted with years, gathering around him his long line of descendants,

even to the third and fourth generation. And in those festal hours, he seemed to live life over again, and his dim eye brightened, as he recounted the incidents and exploits of his early years. Hallowed days, the days of yore!

At the opening of the New Year, also, what a sending of compliments and cakes! New Year's Day was a "Saturnalia" of kindness and good humor. The current of the heart broke forth afresh, and the paltry distinctions between man and man were lost, for a day, in the generous gush of true-hearted friendship. The servant, in the general joy, forgot his inferiority—the master laid aside his lofty mien, and the pervading feeling of the heart was that of universal brotherhood. The custom was a noble one, and founded on a just and elevated view of human nature. It has a very ancient origin, early as the time of Tatius, who reigned conjointly with Romulus. The Romans had their Strenæ, or sprigs of vervain, gathered in a wood consecrated to the Goddess of Health, which they presented to their friends on the Kalends of January, accompanied with the "Omnia fausta," or mutual wishes for each other's health and happiness.

Thus, too, during the Agnalia, or feasts in honor of Janus, they sent presents to each other of figs, dates, honey, etc. The freed-man and the client sent to their patrons offerings of fruit, and occasionally small pieces of silver. The knights, senate, and citizens, sent to Augustus, during his reign, similar offerings, and in his absence, even deposited them in the Capitol.

Little more than the memory of these old customs now remains. The march of modern refinement has trodden them into the very dust of a by-gone age. The antiquity of families, and the pride once taken in the long line of ancestral virtues, have been broken; *absolutely lost* in the morbid fashions and manners of our age of paint and masquerade. The stern wrinkle-visaged world has sadly marred those sacred anniversaries of the heart. The chain of living affections, which united the remotest members of the same family, has become rusted, broken, unfit to conduct the heart's electric fires beyond two or three of the nearest links. New faces—new customs—new ideas of refinement and social rank, have dislodged the old ones. Father, Mother, Home, grow old, indeed, but not *venerable* among the cherished memories of the past. The love of gold overlays and smothers the love of kindred, in the great modern steam-races after wealth and fame.

We say again, we hail these Annuals as the harbingers of better days. They help to feed the altar-fires of Friendship and bind the family of Man in holy brotherhood. If they do not embody the highest forms of literature, they yet speak the language of love, and afford the surest tokens of friendship—*this* makes them valuable. It was not the sprig of vervain, nor the handful of figs, but the friendly feeling, the *brotherhood*, which they expressed, that delighted the heart of the old Roman. So with the whole family of Annuals, while they are designed to be rich in poetry, thought, feeling, and sentiment; yet they are valued *chiefly* for the kindly emotions and cher-

ished memories which they awaken. And when we find them on the center and parlor tables of our kindred and friends, we know that in every such family are the loved and valued—hearts, somewhere, that vibrate responsive to kindred hearts.

IDEAL OF A CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. D. W. M'KEE.

How beautiful are the creations of the poet's fancy !
How divinely beautiful is womanhood in Milton's Eve,
"to whom all other things seem mean ; or in her, summed
up, contained." We love Shakspeare's Cordelia ; and
we reverence the Lady Isabella ; and what, in the
fictions of romance, charms, and holds us spell-bound
by its magic, but the story of woman's love, and wo-
man's sorrow—the fortunes of woman's heart ?

But why are these beautiful creations confined to
the world of poetry and fiction, or the day dreams of
young lovers ? Why do not such women dwell in our
households, sit at our tables, minister in our sickness,
double our joy in prosperity, and sooth us by their an-
gel sympathies in our adversity ? Why are not all
lovely, since God and Nature have made them so ?
With what wonderful susceptibilities has the Creator
endowed woman's nature ; what depth, vitality and
freshness in her affections ; how lively and delicate
her sensibility ; how noble her capacity for intellectu-
al developement. Woman was not only the LAST ;
but the best and fairest exhibition of creative love and
wisdom. What a bud of promise is a young girl's
nature, folded up in its yet undisclosed loveliness. And
is there a worm in the bud, which consumes its beauty

and dewy fragrance, ere it blossoms into perfect and beautiful womanhood ; or comes not the blight from *without*, rather than *within* ? Instead of the pure sunshine of Heaven which should warm and expand it into bloom ; have not Society, Art, Education and Fashion thrown around it a vitiated and sickly atmosphere, till it drinks in poison at every pore ? Woman is always beautiful and good as God and Nature have formed her ; It is only when she becomes the spoiled creature of Art and Fashion, that she can possibly be an object, of contempt and disgust. She is not only the light of man's life ; but the very poetry of his earthly existence. Eden was not Paradise to the father of mankind, till waking from deep and solitary sleep, his eye greeted that vision of beauty, fresh and unsullied from the plastic hand of her Creator, and a heaven-implanted instinct told him, she was all his own. The world without sunshine would not to him have been so dark, cheerless, as Eden without her smile.—If such then be the constitution of Nature, and such the enviable position which the Creator has given to woman in the social and domestic relations of life ; why is it that history tells us of Xantippe, of Julia, Livia and Fulvia ; and why is it that many men find in their present experience, their pillow as thick set with thorns, as roses, and that too, by female hands ?

Why is it that beings formed oftimes in Nature's loveliest mould ; from whose Cestus, Venus herself might borrow charms, can inspire no higher sentiment, than the admiration involuntarily bestowed on a pretty picture, or a painted butterfly ? Nay worse ; why do we find even around our hearthstones, in the sanctu-

aries of domestic love; women sustaining the tender and holy relations of sister, wife, and mother, yet destitute of those noble attributes of woman's nature, which make the light and life of a happy home? We cannot deny; although we blush to own, that such there are. Neither are they *few*. Let us then consider some of the influences most largely and effectively influential in the formation of female character, in the present condition of society, and inquire if it be not possible, so to modify these influences, that they shall uniformly produce more desirable results. These influences are so multiplied and varied; sometimes so uncertain and conflicting, that we may well be anxious as to the result, and inquire is there not some principle, which we may introduce into our practical systems of Education, to regulate and harmonize them all; a principle which shall be influential over these influences; which can guide and control them; giving strength and efficiency to such as are salutary, while it represses or exterminates, such as are injurious. Every true friend of the young who has watched with attention and interest the development of youthful character; the gradual awakening of thought, the rapid outgrowth of fancy and feeling in the heart, must have felt deeply and painfully, the need of something, to give the right moral bias, to those spontaneous activities of our moral and intellectual nature, which will work and develop themselves, under every condition of humanity; be their direction right or wrong. Every vigilant parent has felt this need; and after anxious inquiry some have shouted Eureka; and forthwith proceeded, in the education of their children,

to a trial of this new-found philosopher's stone, which has proved, in their estimation, to transmute to gold all the baser passions and tendencies of our nature. One says, "My daughter must be well educated. Mental culture must be the end and aim of all her efforts. Her intellectual training must be scientific, exact and thorough." Another says, "I do not admire learned women. I desire my daughter to cultivate a delicate and refined taste, quick sensibilities, ready wit, and pleasing manners; for *these* constitute the real attractiveness of woman." A third says, "I don't like a woman to be either learned or sentimental. My daughter shall be neither a student of science nor a reader of novels; but I will have her accomplished in every elegant art. She must be fitted to move with distinction in elegant and polished society. For this purpose she shall study the modern languages, and have the advantages of foreign travel, and consequent opportunities to learn much of society and the world."

Another parent has the idea that society is injurious, because it fosters vanity, and an inordinate love of admiration and expensive pleasures; and such an one says, "I shall keep my daughter carefully secluded, and train her under my own eye, to the performance of household duties, and the cultivation of the domestic virtues; for *this* is, after all, woman's true sphere." It need not be said that these views of education are false and distorted; and when reduced to practice, can produce no other than disastrous results. To select one bright particular star in the firmament, and determine that *that one only* shall shed its stellar influence on the earth, to the exclusion of sun and

moon and other stars, is not more absurd and impracticable, than to attempt to mould youthful character, by some one favorite influence, which we fancy is productive, of the single end we aim at. Parental views and wishes, which form certainly one of the principal influences, which determine the particular and individual developement of youthful character, are not more conflicting, than those of teachers, to whom the intellectual training of the young, is more especially committed, in our schools, academies, and private seminaries. To these influences, both so potent in the development of character, we may add as secondary, but by no means unimportant, the manners and customs of social and domestic life, family relationships, the ties of friendship, natural capacity, idiosyncrasies of mental and moral constitution; besides an infinity of others, remote and indirect it is true, but which do nevertheless help to produce or modify the result.

Millions of moral causes are constantly playing, unseen and unfelt, over the entire field of our intellectual and spiritual nature, crossing, thwarting, and modifying each other continually; and what we want is some guiding principle, which shall bring order out of this disorder, harmony out of these discords, and evolve finally, a character, noble, symmetrical and beautiful. We want a just and true *ideal* of female excellence; because in the formation of our own character and habits, and of those who come within the sphere of our influence we copy this *ideal*. What to us, seems the glory and perfection of our nature; *that*, we strive for; to that, we gradually and insensi-

bly assimilate all our habitudes of thought and action. If our model be a *bad* one, the copy will be equally defective; and we have asserted, what few will be disposed to deny, that the views on this subject, commonly imbibed from education, society, parental example, and academic instruction, are radically defective and wrong. What then is the remedy? What new element of culture shall we introduce into our systems of female education, to rectify the false views so generally prevalent, to furnish this true ideal, so much needed; yet a need so little felt, so seldom acknowledged.—The splendid creations of genius are produced only by imitation of perfect models, by the masters. Nations and generations have listened entranced to the song of Homer; and it was by imitating this great master of song, that Milton gave a touch to the harp of poesy which shall vibrate through the ages. The hand of Phidias is still seen in the marbles of the Parthenon, where it has struggled to express in stone, the human soul's highest conception of divine beauty—the beauty of the immortal Gods. We still gaze upon the Venus de Medici, and wonder that all beholders do not become Pygmalions. Raphael has thrown on canvass the Transfiguration of Christ's humanity; nor does any department of art fail to furnish a model of perfect excellence, to those who desire to practice its theory, and reproduce its sublime creations. And when we strive to fashion the woman's soul within us; to bring it in contour and proportion to a beautiful and harmonious developement, must we strike at random, and struggle on in the dark without a guide? Does the moral world furnish no pattern of human excel-

lence, after which we may shape ourselves, and mould our moral lineaments? Is it possible, so to conduct the process of a young girl's education, as to keep always before her mind's eye, the pattern of what she ought to be; of what she must every day strive to become? To what means or element of culture, must we give prominence and importance, to secure this result? The answer is easy. Christianity furnishes principles of culture, which if judiciously applied in our systems of female education, would make woman's nature, what it was before her hand plucked Eden's fatal apple; "and thus brought death with all our woe."

We anticipate the reader's smile at the announcement of this fact, which is so trite and commonplace, that it has almost come to be regarded as a *truism*; but let those who smile, remember, that although our theories of education, are in the main, right, and *do* recognize the importance of moral culture; that our *practice*, is nevertheless all wrong; and although much has been said and written on the subject of female education; and well written too, it has left the practical bearings and workings of our educational systems, unchanged. Let us then reiterate this truth, and ever keep it before the popular mind, till it responds; that all systems of education are essentially erroneous and defective, which do not draw their fundamental elements of culture, from the religion and morality of Christianity; and that there can be no true womanly beauty, except that which is developed through its holy and ennobling influences. Young has well said, "the Christian, is the highest style of

man." It is equally true, that the Christian woman, is the highest style of woman ; more divine, because more holy, than any goddess of Olympus.—We are not sure that the gentlemen-puppets, who figure in the drawing-room, and dance about the reigning belle, like moths fluttering around a candle, till their wings are scorched, and they tumble headlong to ruin—we are not sure, that *such*, will sympathize with the sentiment we have uttered ; but every *man*, with a manly intellect ; and a man's heart ; whatever be his speculative views of Christianity ; even though he were an infidel, will acknowledge, that no system of morals extant ; nor all the combined lessons of human wisdom, can form a woman's heart and mind, after so pure and beautiful a model, as that which is offered to us, in the life and teachings of Christ. Nay more, if all human goodness and moral beauty should perish out of the world, and the very memory of them be lost to mankind ; we should *still* have, in the character of Jesus, and the words which he uttered, the immaculate essence, of all goodness, and all virtue ; both human and divine.—But we are told by the worldly-wise, that the experiment of educating women religiously has often been tried ; and the result, has as often been failure. Nothing on earth, say they, is so intolerable, as the fanaticism and cant of these female pietists, unless it be the literary pretensions of a *Blue*. Said a father recently, "my daughter has become a perfect little Pharisee, through the influence of the H. Seminary. I shall be careful in future where I send my children to be educated. Under the conviction, that retrenchment, in dress and family ex-

penditure, is an imperative Christian duty, she has forsworn forever, silks and jewels, and wears only calico. She has abandoned the study of music, because all showy accomplishments, are inconsistent with the humility and lowliness of spirit, which ought to characterize a Christian woman. She has become an active and prominent member of the Missionary, Bible, Temperance, Anti-Slavery and Moral Reform Societies; and if her *power*, were in any degree commensurate with her *will*, she would revolutionize society, and turn the world upside down, with her absurd enthusiasm. I shall send her to Madame D., where I hope she will acquire more rational views of religion in place of these monstrous absurdities." Unfortunate father; and still more unhappy daughter;—how utterly, had both mistaken, the true ideal of a Christian woman; and the influences which constitute a *truly* Christian education. No good and modest woman can have any sympathy with those of her sex, who turn bold and noisy public reformers, of the vices and fashionable follies of society; neither can a true hearted Christian woman covet that formal and ostentatious activity, in any department of Christian benevolence, which causes her necessarily to parade her religious sentiments, and spiritual affections, before the eager and irreverent gaze, of the public eye. Her religion is the cherished and hidden life of her soul. There she garners up her purest and warmest affections, and gives them all to God. She moves gently and noiselessly in the daily walks and relations of life; undistinguished from *other* women, save that her hand is readier for every kind deed; her smile more cheering

and benign when it falls on the children of misfortune and want; and the music of her voice softer and sweeter; because it is the utterance of a pure, gentle, and tranquil soul. The applauses of the French people sounded not in the ears of Bonaparte so sweet as the voice of Josephine, and that Empress was charming; although nature had not been to her, prodigal of charms. It was often remarked of her, that without being beautiful, she produced upon beholders the effect of beauty. Thus it is possible, for the Christian women, to make herself admired and loved, and even revered by those who know her truly; by the moral and intellectual beauty expressed in her conversation and outer life; each of which are significant of the latent beauty of the mind within. It is possible for a woman to whom nature has denied every personal grace, to become *religiously* beautiful, and that too without singularity, hypocrisy or cant. She may mingle with other women in the great thoroughfares of society; partake of the innocent amusements and festivities of social life; cultivate the elegant arts; gather within her home, or around her person, those adornments and elegancies, which gratify a cultivated taste; and enjoy them all, while she yet rises superior and above all, to find her truest and highest enjoyment, the realization of her dearest hopes, and the true perfection of her nature, in the cultivation of spiritual affections.—In the gayest circles she may hear and enjoy the playfulness of wit; the keenness of satire; the encounter of mind with mind, and the flashings of soul meeting soul, in the interchange of feeling and thought; and yet in the midst of all this, and enjoying

all this, her spirit may be *alone*. The human soul can be isolated by the force of high and heavenly thoughts when the body is jostled in a crowd; for a hermit, dwelling alone in the deep heart of a forest, is not more secluded, than the soul, which hides within it, deep thoughts and spiritual communings with the Invisible.—Above the glare of a thousand lights; the melody of tuned instruments and song, and the footfalls of the giddy dance; yes above the heaven itself, her thought rises, and dwells alone with God. Her soul hears God; and sees the Invisible. Grosser natures talk and speculate about religion—she *feels* it.—She lives habitually on the confines of two worlds, where the *material* meets the *spiritual*; and in these moments of interior solitude and stillness, her Imagination is awed by the solemn shadows, cast over it from the spirit land. Then unutterable thoughts, and awful imaginings visit her; till becoming familiar, she invites their stay. Sometimes by the force of her own thoughtfulness she rests motionless, with fixed but vacant gaze, till consciousness itself vanishes, and her very inner life and being seem melting away into the Infinite. Then her *heart* prays—her *lips* seldom. When her soul is full and heaving with the impulses of such divine communion, the lips move in wordless sympathy, but no audible sound passes those silent portals of imprisoned thought. Such is the experience of a true Christian woman—such the high spirituality of her ideas and contemplations; but with these joys a stranger intermeddleth not; even the cherished companion of her bosom; the sharer of her earthly joys and sorrows is a stranger in the spiritual aræna of her

soul. He only knows that pure and good thoughts, and all gentle and loving affections dwell there, because they are expressed in her *acted* thoughts. If we could make the young understand this; if we could make parents and instructors of youth understand; that Christian education does not consist in a formal inculcation of moral precepts; nor yet in loading the childish memory with *Creeds* and *Catechisms*; but in a careful oversight of the workings of thought, fancy, and feeling in the awaking faculties of the youthful mind; and a constant vigilance to direct them according to the principles of eternal rectitude and virtue; what a change it would work in the ordinary routine of family and academic education.—No theoretic instruction in systems of religion and morals can avail any thing. It is the teaching of example which we want. We want a *model*, to place before the forming, but yet plastic minds of the young; and say, “Be like *that*.” The Infinite mind—the author of all minds understands intimately the mental and spiritual organization of His earthly children; and the laws of intellectual and moral development, which regulate the wonderful and complex machinery of the human soul; and has His divine Omniscience anticipated this pressing want of our humanity? Has He given us such a *model*, or only taught us in His Revelation, didactic precepts of morality? Did not the life and mission of Jesus respond to the deepest want of our moral nature—to the cravings of our most imperative spiritual instincts? What Grecian Statuary is in the world of *art*, the character and teachings of Christ are, in the *moral* world. The marbles of the Parthenon are per-

fect models of human beauty, idolized and deified,—the material embodiment of man's highest conceptions of physical beauty; and in the like manner the life of Christ is a sensible exhibition of man's highest idealized conception of moral excellence. Many splendid and dazzling apparitions of virtue; have, in the ages which are past, flashed out from the dark back-ground of our fallen humanity; but they were evanescent and shapeless *meteors*, without symmetry or beauty. In the history of the great and good of past ages we have the separate elements of spiritual beauty; but the individual combinations are sometimes monstrous. For instance, we have the predominance of patriotism in the moral portraitures of Aristedes, Cincinnatus, and Hannibal—manly daring in that of Leonidas, Alexander, and Cæsar; and the faculty of divine contemplation, in Socrates and Plato; but in Christ every excellence and virtue, both human and divine, are united in perfect concordance and symmetry. Where then shall we look in the training of the young; and particularly of young women, for a formative influence, at once so perfect and so powerfully efficient as *this*. Objections may be made to these views of education, on the ground, that they are too vague and impracticable; that while they insist upon the absolute necessity of forming youthful character after a Christian model; they do not specify with sufficient minuteness of detail, the manner, in which the desired influence is to be applied in the practical business of education. The writer has not room in the limits assigned to this essay to enter into such details; but if the reader still asks, in what departments of education, it is possible to

make the power of Christianity more directly influential than at present ; it may be replied ; that it is not only desirable, but possible, both to develop the mind, and mould the manners, in accordance with its spirit and precepts. Parents and Instructors of youth too generally regard the precepts of Christianity, as capable of being brought to bear, only in the formation of correct theoretic views of right and wrong, in the minds of the young ; and its Institutions, as the means of cultivating their religious susceptibilities only. They do not consider that it is possible to draw from Christianity, such views and motives, as shall urge the young mind forward in the acquisition of scientific truth ; and even render interesting the dry details of academic instruction. It is because the motives usually placed before a young girl's mind, to incite her to diligence in the pursuit of literary and scientific acquirements, are so sordid and secular, that she pursues her studies in that spirit ; and that even when successful as a student, her acquirements are so technical and formal, that they can have no tendency to ennoble and refine her nature. She is told she must study because it is a burning disgrace to be ignorant ; because she cannot appear to advantage in society without at least a moderate degree of intelligence ; but rarely is she pointed to the reflex influence of Science, upon the mind itself ; enlarging, invigorating, and ennobling all its powers. Let her mind once grasp the idea ; and swell with the inspiration of the thought, that the study of natural science is the tracing in our own mind the thought of God when He planned the Universe—that History is but the record of what God has done, and

enabled or suffered man to do upon the great theatre of human action—that the Literature of past ages is a Daguerreotyped view of the mind of dead nations; who have bequeathed to us their living thoughts, embalmed in language; and she will love study for its own sake. She will reverence science, that tireless swift winged messenger, which like Noah's dove has gone forth from the *earthly ark* in which we float imprisoned; to explore and bring us some green leaves, from those vast undiscovered continents of being, those undreamed of islands of existence, which enliven and diversify the vast expanse, around us, but beyond us. Having imbibed such views, science will thenceforth be to her, a high and holy thing; because the priest and interpreter of nature's mysteries. The wisdom of God will thenceforth seem to her as it is; a profound deep—a vast ocean, filling the immensity of the universe, “shoreless, fathomless and sublime. Science has dived but just below the apparent surface, bringing up from here and there a *pearl* at intervals of ages. Revelation has brought from a profounder depth the “pearl of great price;” but what thought of Man or Angel has computed the priceless treasures of the infinite deep beyond? Human thought is more rapid and extensive than the lightnings of Heaven; yet imagination tires and falters, when under the inspiration and conduct of science, we send her forth to those dark corners of the universe, where the Spirit of God yet brooding; bringeth forth light, life and beauty, from primeval Chaos, and the silent void.—It is in expanding and elevating the mind by such views as these, of the extent and glory of the universe;

and the power and goodness of the great God, who works *in* all, and *through* all; that the great uses of science, as a discipline of the human faculties, consists. And what studies or pursuits can like these, enoble Woman's nature: divorce her so effectually from the idle amusements and fripperies of Fashion; and make her so entirely worthy Man's reverence and love.—By viewing scientific and literary acquisitions in the light in which they have been presented above, it will be readily seen that they have a religious aspect; and that the moral tendency of science thus pursued is highly salutary in its influence upon the female mind. Without the careful inculcation of such sentiments the scientific woman is in danger of becoming a disgusting pedant.

But it is not in the formation of moral principles, and the cultivation of the religious susceptibilities only, nor yet in conducting the process of scientific culture alone, that we may bring Christianity to bear upon the education of the young. It ought, also, to mould their manners. There is a false school of politeness established in modern society. There are many female Chesterfields, who take especial pains to impress the minds of their daughters and wards with the erroneous idea, that politeness consists in a familiar acquaintance with the acknowledged rules of etiquette, and the conventional forms of polished society, coupled with a graceful carriage of the person, which may be learned from the dancing master or posture maker. This style of politeness suits well the forced and artificial display of the ball-room, or the gay saloons of stupid and heartless fashion; but in daily family in-

tercourse, and the ordinary circumstances and relations of life, it is a miserables substitute, for that unaffected simplicity, gentleness and benevolence of disposition, which prompts its possessor at all times, in all places, and with all conditions of men, to observe the golden rule of Christianity, of doing unto others, as we would that they should do unto us. The daub and paint with which a faded beauty strives to imitate the fairness and bloom of youth, is not more revolting to a person of cultivated taste and sensibility, than that false and tawdy *mannerism*, which passes with the vulgar, for elegance of manners. But it must be acknowledged that the false and conventional politeness which is taught by rules, does on some occasions appear to great advantage beside the *true* ; and totally eclipses it, (as gilt sometimes shines brighter than solid gold;) but there are other occasions, on which it will inevitably betray its artificiality. The same friction which tarnishes gilding, and exposes the baseness of the metal beneath, only serves to add lustre to pure gold ; and thus in the friction of ordinary domestic life, the virtues of the heart, which constitute true politeness, do but shine brighter, and glow more warmly ; while its false counterpart grows cold and deadens. The slightest observation of the manners of a lady towards her servants, and all other persons who are her inferiors in social position, is sufficient to determine whether she is a truly polite and well-bred christian woman ; because a coarse mind is nowhere so apt to betray itself, as in the vulgar insolence and heartless severity, with which it dares to frown on all *beneath* it : and the fulsome flattery and

sycophancy, with which it fawns on all *above* it. In the estimation of a woman who has learned in the school of Christ, the divine doctrine of human brotherhood, none are noble, and none are mean, by the mere force of social circumstances over which they have no control. Her meanest servant is to her, a *woman*; with the tender sensibilities and gushing affections of woman's nature, and the Queen of England is no more. The sensibilities of the "*femme de chambre*," who curls her hair, or ties her shoe, are as sacred in her eyes, as though her head bore a crown, and her hand wielded a sceptre. As she acknowledges no one above her, except such as are more exalted by virtue; so she feels none beneath her, but those whom sin has degraded; and upon such falls her tear of pity. The woman whose mind and heart have been formed under such influences as we have attempted to describe, is the glory of her sex — a blessing to the world — and a bright and beautiful ornament to the family in whose bosom she has been reared. If a wife, "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no fear of spoil." If a mother, "her children rise up and call her blessed." And blessed indeed, is the true christian woman, whose ideal we have attempted faintly to sketch in these pages; more to be envied, and more worthy of imitation, than all the women who have lived in song and story — whose names the trump of fame has sounded through the world. The woman who endeavors to shape her being after the christian ideal, need fear no rivals in her loveliness; nor the decay of her charms by age; for the beauty of the true christ-

ian woman is eternal and fadeless, like that of the stars, which have shed their light for ages, yet retain their primal glory. Though many daughters of Eve have done virtuously ; and some reared even under the dark shadows of Paganism, have shone out bright and beautiful from the surrounding darkness of their age and clime, yet the humblest christian woman outshines them all ; and though like the desert rose, she blush unseen, or like the diamond hidden in the mine, she neither shines or dazzles, yet she possesses an inherent worth and beauty, which equals, and even transcends that of the brightest and most beautiful ornaments of the historic page. She may not be able, like Cornelia, to send her name linked with that of the Gracchi, down the tide of time, to coming generations ; but if she is a mother, she can, like Cornelia, cherish her children as priceless jewels ; committed to earthly caskets, and entrusted to her vigilance and care, to keep, intact, unspotted and unsullied in their heavenly beauty, by the damps and soils of earth. She cannot be Paulina and bleed with Seneca ; but if she is a wife, she can every day test the fervor and devotedness of her conjugal affection, by a thousand acts of self-sacrifice and tender assiduity.

Her injured honor may never call her, like Lucretia, to plunge a dagger into her own heart's warm life-blood, as it leaps wildly and throbbingly along its living channel-ways ; but if she has a true woman's soul, her brow will crimson, and her heart recoil, at thought of impurity and shame.

New York.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG ARTIST.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

How shall we mourn thee, gifted one ? How wail
The fate that snatched thee thus in youth away,
Ere in life's wreath one rose bud had grown pale,
Ere one dark cloud had dimmed thine early day ?
How speak the sorrow that our bosoms thrilled,
When death the pulses of thy warm heart stilled ?

How shall we mourn thee ? Thou wert of the few
Who walk the earth in majesty of mind,
Genius had given its treasures to thy view,
The painter's eye, the poet's thought combined,
The soul to image all things pure and bright,
The skill to give them to our daily sight.

Alas ! that hand its cunning has forgot,
That eye is closed upon all earthly things,
On thy dull ear the voice of praise falls not ;
Thy heart is cold to love's soft whisperings ;
Called from life's feasts too soon, thou hast but quaffed
Of love, joy, fame, one deep and final draught.

Like the Olympian victor, thou hadst won
The goal of all thy hopes, and, in the hour
When toil was past and glory had begun,

There came the King of terrors in his power,
And, at his touch, thou didst in dust lay down
The youthful head, girt with its laurel crown.

“Thy sun went down at noon,” but not in clouds,
And while we watch, in tears, its swift decline,
We know that tho’ death’s awful darkness shrouds
Its brightness now, yet it shall once more shine
Among the Hosts of Heaven, and we who bear
Life’s lessons in our hearts may hope to meet thee there.

THE DESERTED

BY S. D. B.

RONALDO EDGARSON was the only son of a wealthy and respectable merchant. He was a youth of genius and promise, and his parents resolved to educate him for the bar. No pains or expense were spared to develop the powers of his mind; and at the age of seventeen, he left the parental roof for college. His young heart bounded with a generous and lofty ambition, and he devoted himself, with a fond enthusiasm, to his studies. He, at once, assumed an enviable position among his competitors for literary honors. He was a favorite of the Muses, and showed a mind feelingly alive to all that was beautiful in nature, or splendid in imagery, and, like Byron, he seemed destined to charm millions by the power of song. Three years of his college life had passed, and his bosom began to heave with a thousand glowing, noble and never yet expressed aspirations, as he saw himself approaching the termination of his studies. He could fancy himself at the bar, actually swaying, at will, the minds of a jury. Kindling to rapture, or exciting to fury the multitude who hung entranced upon his manly eloquence.

At this season, when all was hope, and every energy of his soul was bursting into expression, he received the following letter from his father.

My dear Son:—

I am ruined ! The lots and large house in ——— street, are to be sold to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, to the highest bidder ! Our household furniture and personal property are all levied, and must be sold. Your father is a bankrupt ! I was persuaded to become surety for your Uncle ; and he has failed to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I am overwhelmed with perplexity and trouble. Your dear mother seems to bear the loss much better than I can. I know not what you will do—I see no prospect of being able to carry you through your studies. I fear you will be obliged to leave college, and rely upon your own resources for a support.

Your affectionate father, in affliction.

This letter was like a death-knell to the hopes of young Ronaldo. His lips quivered, and his hands trembled as he gave it a second perusal. It was his father's hand, and there could be no mistake ; and he felt his spirits die within him. The bright and beautiful images which fancy had sketched were seen to pass away like mists before the morning. The future looked bleak and barren ; the path to fame seemed hedged by insurmountable obstacles. Unused to disappointment, he threw himself upon his couch and gave free vent to his feelings. At length, a new impulse visited him, and he felt his energies revive, as if ready for some mighty and heroic achievement. He sprang to his feet, and gave utterance to the Roman motto, "*Perseverentia vincent omnia.*" He was inspired with fresh courage, and he resolved to go into



one of the quiet, country villages of New England, and engage in the business of teaching, until he should acquire the means to complete his studies.

With the best recommendations from his professors, he found no difficulty in procuring a desirable and lucrative situation. His firm mind, his manly person, his engaging and amiable manners secured the confidence not only of his patrons, but the admiration and respect of all. No young man in the place, was more highly esteemed, none whose society was more eagerly sought.

If a party was announced, one of the first inquiries was, "is Mr. Edgarson to be present?" He was the charm of every circle, the center of attraction, *the hero of the place*. He could captivate without an effort, and control without seeming to conquer. Even the young gentlemen, while they looked upon his rising popularity, with some degree of jealousy and envy, were compelled to speak well of him. Amid the attractions of female loveliness, Ronaldo felt the necessity of guarding his heart, and for a time, he was successful. But Emma was accomplished and beautiful. She had been educated at one of the first schools in New England, and her mind was stored with all that was rich, bright or attractive. Having mingled but little with the world, she retained an artless simplicity of manners; and a grace, as if it were caught from Heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed every affection, and shone in every action. And Ronaldo, in spite of himself, loved her, and felt it a charm, a blessing and a vision of gladness to stay in her presence. After the toils of the school-room were over,

at the close of each day, he found his face, almost unconsciously turned toward the quiet residence of her father. It was one of those beautiful country seats of New England, which arrest the eye of the traveler as he sees the snow-white walls and gamblerooft peering amid a forest of shrubbery and flowers. Here Emma lived, the idol of her parents and the object of universal admiration to all who knew her.— She had never loved, but somehow she felt a strange sensation as she listened, daily, at night-fall, for the approaching footsteps of the much admired Ronaldo. They both had a passion for poetry, music and flowers, and the hours glided swiftly as the merits of the author were discussed — or as Emma discoursed sweet music upon the piano — or as they strolled at twilight through the flowers, giving to these unbreathing things of nature a voice more expressive than language.

Months passed, and it was eagerly and everywhere reported that Ronaldo Edgarson was paying his addresses to the lovely and accomplished daughter of Judge S—— and there was no doubt but his attentions were favorably received. Some, however, surmised that he was pursuing a system of flirtation, and soon the poor girl would be left with a broken heart.

Little did Ronaldo care for the reports ; he had the consciousness of knowing that his heart was true to the object of its attachment.

It was a still summer night — Ronaldo and Emma had wandered forth to enjoy the beautiful tranquility of the hour. Near her father's house, and on the brink of a river, that swept through the grounds, stood an old willow with the first soft green of spring, but

just beginning to deepen in the delicate and feathery foliage that fell down its branches in showers to the turf around.

Beneath this willow, the lovers seated themselves in happy silence. A pale starlight streamed softly thro' the branches to their young faces and wove a silvery net work all around them. The river rolled by, catching, here and there, the reflection of a star on its rippling waves ; and the soft murmuring sound of its water filled the cool air with melody. Ronaldo had never *talked* of love to the fair being by his side ; but now the scenery, the quiet starlight, and the chiming water, the touch of that little hand, that lay in his, so white and tremulous, *aroused* all the deep romance of his nature, and the love which had so long slept seemed forcing him to utterance. It was not passion that possessed him ; but a tender tumult of the soul, struggling for expression. He bent his head to hers, and spoke, not loudly, not with words of burning enthusiasm, but in a tone that thrilled through and through the heart of that young girl. She did not answer him in words ; what need of that ? but even in the starlight, he could see the color deepen on her cheek, and tears came flashing up to her radiant black eyes. The hand, in his, shook like a frightened bird — was hurriedly withdrawn, passed for a single moment to her face — and then sweetly surrendered to his passionate grasp again. Their eyes met—words, *such sweet words* as can only arouse the heart to entire happiness, once in her life-time, fell from her lips ; and in that still night the lovers were betrothed.—

“ Oh happy love ! where love like this is found ;
Oh heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare ;
I’ve paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me *this* declare,
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
’Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In others’ arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.”

The parents of Emma had witnessed with pleasure, the growing and mutual affection of the young lovers. Preparations were made for their marriage. The day was fixed, and Emma was led to the altar, a blooming, beautiful bride. And who that witnessed that scene of innocent festivity, and saw every countenance radiant with hope and listened to the many congratulations could have supposed that a cloud would come over the dish of their joys ? On her bridal day, Emma received as her dower, a deed of a cottage residence, together with some fifty acres of land spreading along the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. This was to be their future home, and if they had not the prospect of wealth and affluence, industry and economy would, at least afford them a competence. Emma now devoted herself to her household duties and Ronaldo to the cultivation of his farm. Years passed and never did the sun shine on a happier pair. Love, like the Vestal flame had been kept bright and burning on the domestic altar. And the pledges of their attachment might be seen in the rapture beaming faces that were springing up, like olive

plants around their table. If they had new cares and responsibilities, they had new hopes and joys ; and to each other they clung with increasing fondness.— There was but one thought which ever troubled the generous and noble-minded Ronaldo. It was the thought that his children must be raised in comparative obscurity, without the advantages of the best education. This thought occasionally settled, like a chilling damp, upon his spirits : it haunted, like an evil spirit, his midnight hours : it hung, like a cloud of fearfulness, around the path of his daily toil : it finally succeeded in kindling the smouldering fires of early ambition. He was led to contrast himself with what he might have been—an able advocate at the bar, or an eloquent counsellor in the halls of his country : but he had sacrificed all at the shrine of early love. There was but one hope, and that was, that his sons should reap the laurels which had faded from his hands, and in them he resolved to realize the *beau ideal* of his early days. An opportunity was presented for engaging in the East India trade, with the prospect of amassing a fortune. His bosom, for a season, was the theatre of painful and conflicting emotions. Home, to him, was precious—the presence and smiles of his loving wife were as sunshine to his soul. At length, his purpose was fixed, and he stated his design to Emma. It fell like a thunder-bolt from the clouds upon her crushed heart. She could endure the evils of poverty, the neglect of the world, *anything* rather than a separation from the one she loved as she did her own life. This was like drying up all the sources of happiness—like taking the verdure from the fields, and

leaving them in barrenness. It was really an affliction to which she felt she could never school her heart to its endurance. She reasoned and remonstrated—but not all the expressions of conjugal tenderness, nor all the eloquence of devoted love, could change his purpose. The day of his departure drew near; and with as much apparent cheerfulness as she could command, she made ready his articles of clothing, carefully concealing, here and there, some precious token—volumes of her favorite poets, lines in which she had marked, as expressive of her own deep feelings, and which would speak to him in that far-off land. When the sad morning came, and he beheld the unaffected grief, the fast-falling tears of his devoted wife, and his little ones still clinging to him, and in artless sincerity, crying, “Papa, don’t leave us,” his purpose for a moment wavered; but he rallied himself, and gave a choked and forced utterance to the final farewell.

He sailed from Boston on as fine a morning as ever shone from heaven; the sky and the earth were as tranquil as if no storm from the one had ever disturbed the repose of the other. And even the *ocean*, that great highway of the world, lay as gentle as if its bosom had never betrayed—as if no traveler had ever sunk to death in its embrace. Prosperous breezes were now wafting him to his destined port. Providence gave him a safe arrival. He soon entered into business. Every energy of his soul was absorbed in the object of his wishes and hopes. Every effort was attended with success. He seemed to possess the magic power of converting every thing into gold.—

Hope gladdened his heart, and the objects which heretofore had floated like mists before his ardent imagination, now began to assume a definite and tangible shape. Every successive month afforded some new promise that his highest anticipations would be realized. Amid all his exciting cares and absorbing business, that far-off family group were not forgotten—their remembrance came floating over him like fragrance from the land of spices. They, too, were cheered in their loneliness by the frequent tokens of his love and the pledges of his return. Every letter was like the olive-leaf borne by the tremulous dove over the wide waste of waters, giving assurance of a verdant spot in his heart, where affection, pure and true, might find a resting-place for the sole of its foot. They began to live in the bright and glowing anticipations of the future—to dream of happier days, when wealth would scatter its blessings along their path, when home would again be gladdened by the counsels and presence of the husband and father. Little did the confiding Emma think that the heart of her companion, ever so trustful and true, could be given to another. Little did she dream of the storm-clouds that were gathering in the eastern sky! But in that far-off land, his feet were snared; a trap was laid for him by an artful and designing woman. She had traveled much—mingled in society—could lay some claims to beauty—and knew how to touch, with admirable adroitness, the various cords of the human heart. Edgarson, to while away a leisure hour, sought her society: he was beguiled, cheated, finally *entranced*. His ears were fascinated by the song of the syren:

his heart became intoxicated by the melodies in which pleasure breathes her incantations, and he found himself fairly drawn within her enchanted circle. At times, indeed, thoughts of home came sweeping over him, and he would struggle for release ; but he seemed held, as if by some *magic* spell. Conscience, ever and anon, would startle him from the slumber of intoxication, and compel him to write. But his letters breathed an air of coldness, and betrayed the sad change which had come over him. They came less and less frequent, until, at length, an *ominous* silence reigned !

But he who was now giving his caresses to another, was not forgotten : his name was remembered in every morning and evening prayer—his apparent coldness and neglect were readily attributed to other causes than want of affection. She who loved with all the deep pathos of woman's heart, could readily imagine that his business perplexed him, or that his letters were detained or miscarried. She would not—she *could not*, for a moment, indulge the thought that she was forsaken ! She thought, perhaps Ronaldo was on his way, and aimed to take them all by surprise—that he would burst upon them on a sudden, like the sun from behind a dark and threatening cloud, to cheer them with his radiant smiles.

“Oh, woman's love ! at times it may
Seem cold or clouded, but it burns
With true, undeviating ray,
Nor never from its idol turns.
Like ivy, where it grows, 'tis seen

To wear an everlasting green :
Like ivy, too, 'tis found to cling
Too often round a worthless thing."

At length, rumor came, with all the certainty of truth, that she was deserted ! The shock was overwhelming. She threw herself in speechless agony upon the sofa—her face was white as snow—her hands were convulsively clenched—her large black eyes gazed with a wild and vacant stare—a deep-drawn sigh was heard, and all was still ! Her mother and sister, like the angel visitants who supported the Man of Sorrows during the season of his mysterious agony, were by her side. They endeavored to restore her ; but all efforts seemed useless, and, for a time, hope and fear darkly struggled together. Her quivering pulse—her short and irregular breathing, gave evidence indeed of life ; but the fluttering spirit was struggling for release—death seemed inevitable.—But her time had not yet come : consciousness was partially restored, and, as if bewildered with grief, she cried wildly, "Where is he ? Is my dear Ronaldo coming ?" Her mother strove to calm her frenzied feelings. Her sister, sitting at her feet, held her hand, and soft as the gentle whispers of an angel did the consolations of religion fall upon the ear of the *deserted* and disconsolate wife ; for a moment, a gleam of heavenly radiance lighted up her pale features. Then her paroxysms would return, and her grief was inconsolable. A violent fever succeeded, and, for weeks, her case was doubtful : her mind wandered—at times she would fancy herself with her own Ronal-

do, and she was in an ecstasy of joy—then again it would seem as though her heart would burst with grief. It was painful to behold a noble woman, with a noble mind and heart, thus dying with an *agony* beyond even the ministrations of Gospel truth!

“If angels weep, it is at *such* a sight.”

Her fever left her, and she began gradually to recover—her only desire to live was for her children, that she might train them up virtuously for usefulness, and for heaven. He who had thus wrongfully abandoned the object of his early love, was not forgotten; and as soon as Emma was sufficiently restored, she wrote the following letter:

My Dear Husband :

I write not to upbraid you. I entertain still a sincere affection for you, and no unkind treatment will ever be able to remove it. I write only to inform you of the state of those whom you have unfortunately abandoned, your children and your *once-loved* Emma. Fame has informed me, with too much authenticity, that you have found another object of your love, and that I shall see your face no more. I, who had expected your return from the East Indies with painful anxiety, who had counted the slow hours which parted you from me—think how I was grieved, *shocked*, when I heard of your infidelity, and that you never intended to return to your family again. No one can tell the agony I have suffered on your account: had I heard of your death, I might have been consoled; but to be *deserted* by one whom I love as I

do my life, is an affliction which I had never anticipated, and which I was illy adapted to meet.

You went, as you remember, against my earnest entreaties ; but it was with a desire, which I thought sincere, to provide a genteel maintenance for our four little ones, whom you said you could not bear to see brought up to the evils of poverty. I might now lament the disappointment in not sharing the expected riches, which I hear you have amassed. But I scorn it. What are riches, compared to the delights of sincere affection ? I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and will, as such a sinful course *must*, terminate in misery.

But I mean not to remonstrate. It is, alas ! too late. I write to acquaint you with the health and some other circumstances of myself and those little ones whom you once loved.

We still retain the place presented by my father on the day of our marriage. We can make no pretensions to elegance ; but we live in great neatness, and, by strict economy, supply our moderate wants with as much comfort as our desolate situation will allow. Your presence, my love, would make the little cottage a palace.

Poor Emily, who has grown a fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you, and often, as she plies her needle, repeats, with a sigh, "When will my dear papa return ?" The others are constantly asking the same question ; and little Henry, as soon as he began to talk, learned to lisp, in the first syllables he ever uttered, "When will papa come home ?"—Sweet fellow ! He is now sitting on his stool by my

side, and as he sees me drop a tear, says, "Don't cry, ma, for papa will come home soon." He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking-stick, and take great delight in it, because it is papa's. I do assure you I never open my lips to them as to the cause of your absence. But I cannot prevail with myself to bid them cease to ask when you will return, though the question often extorts a tear, which I strive to hide in a smile, and wrings my soul, while I suffer in silence.

I have taught them to mention you with the greatest ardor of affection, in their morning and evening prayers; and they always add, of themselves, a petition for your safe and speedy return.

I spend my time in giving them the little instruction I am able. I cannot afford to place them in any eminent school, and I do not choose that they should acquire the roughness and vulgarity which they will be liable to contract at a low one. I therefore prefer to teach them at home. Emily and the two older boys are now studying French, and they are making rapid progress. As to English, they read alternately three hours every morning the most celebrated poets, and prose writers; and they write, though not an elegant, yet a very plain and legible hand.

Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irksome. It affords me a sweet consolation in your absence. Indeed, if it were not for the little ones, I should sink under the weight of my trials. Master James, every one says, is the very image of his father, and is as affectionate a little fellow as ever hung or the lap of a fond mother.

Pardon my interrupting you. I desire to give you pleasure, not pain. Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not resentful.

I wish you all the happiness of which you are capable, and am

Your *once* loved and still *loving*

EMMA.

This letter was received—the writing and seal were at once recognized as Emma's; but, unopened, it was contemptuously cast aside, while he turned away to indulge in the gay banquet of flesh and sense.

Profligacy and excess marked his course—perfectly melancholy was he, could he not revel with his cups and wine—his mirth and gay fascinations. But vice has a *stopping* as well as a *starting* point.

Mistaken love had driven him into the idolatry and crime of passion—jealousy filled his mind with a deadly poison, which gnawed, like molten lead, its way into the very quick of his soul. The object of his crime and passion hurried him to desperation; and he went armed to meet his antagonist in deadly conflict—the word was given—deliberate aim was taken; Ronaldo was the victim, and he was borne insensibly to his lodgings.

Now that the judgments of Heaven had overtaken him, and it was declared that his wound was fatal, he began to come to himself—to think of the absent and injured ones—his own guilt and ruin. He remembered the *last* letter, the seal of which had never been broken; he orders it to be brought—he opens and reads—his tears fall like rain-drops, as he sees the name of

his own true and still devoted Emma. As he reads of his loved ones, still lisping and loving the name "Papa," his heart is penetrated through and through with mingled emotions of grief and shame. Weak as he was, he dictated the following answer to the epistle which he held in his trembling hand :

Excellent and devoted Emma :

By the time you receive this, the heart which dictated it will be cold and still. I have ordered it not to be transmitted to you till I am departed ; and I am now on my death-bed. My surgeon has told me that I cannot recover.

Ambition led me to separate from you ; a separation of a year or two caused me to forget you, and to form a connection from which I have derived nothing but misery. I deserved it for my folly and wickedness. You were the *best* of wives, and I have wronged you beyond the power of reparation. I will not give you pain by a particular enumeration of my various trials. I have been infatuated by one who loved me not, but loved the treasure I so rapidly amassed in the East, and left no effort untried to captivate my affections. Our acquaintance gradually increased to an intimacy, which has laid the foundation of all my distress. But after having spent, in dissipation and in extravagant dress, a large portion of my fortune, she left me, not without involving me in a fatal duel, and accompanied the man who gave me my death-wound. The following note from her, I enclose, that that you may see how different a woman she was from yourself :

‘*Despicable Wretch* :

‘Do you think I will live in beggary with you ? Refuse to buy me the diamond necklace !— Captain —— is a generous man. He has long expressed a regard for me. He has purchased the necklace which you, *mean fellow*, refused. Make no more pretensions to me ; and if you dare be angry with the Captain for any liberties he may take, be assured you will meet with your match. And I hope to hear that he makes you repent your insolence in aspiring to the affections of one who is deserving of a man of spirit.

‘Yours no more,

‘ —— —— ’

Such is the spirit of the woman who led me astray. Deeply do I regret my error. I am unworthy of you —unworthy the kind and noble letter you were pleased to write me. It has indeed afforded me satisfaction, as you generously intended. I rejoice that my poor children have such a mother to compensate the injuries of a deluded father. Would that I could blot the two past years of my life from existence, and be as I was before I saw the woman who deceived me ; but a stain is on my history which all the floods of penitence can never wash out. I must die *dishonored*—indeed, I can scarcely wish to live ; for I should be ashamed to see my injured Emma, and the presence of the little ones would break my heart. I have had time to make a Will, and the remnant of my large estate will, I trust, place you in circumstances of ease, and enable you to educate the children in some measure as I had anticipated.

Forgive me, my dear wife: forgive me, my dear children—and remember that the father who cruelly deserted you, lived a wretch in consequence of his unkindness, and died prematurely. It was the last satisfaction he had, that he lived to see his error, and ask God's and his family's forgiveness. I trust I have sincerely repented, and I die in hope, through the merits of the Lamb slain. I leave the children with you, my dear, and a covenant God. May we meet in heaven. Farewell!

Your unfortunate

RONALDO.

The mingled emotions of grief and joy occasioned by this letter, can better be conceived than described. Emma grieved deeply over his frailty and error—his absence and premature death; but that he died penitent, and as she hope *pardoned*, was a matter of comfort to her. She now devoted herself to her children, and found in them and in the promises of religion, precious consolation. The addition to her estate relieved her from all fear of want, and gave her the means to educate her children as she had wished. Nothing, however, could compensate the loss of her Ronaldo; and often was she heard to speak against the ambition or the avarice which drives husbands from their homes into foreign climes, for purposes of gain or glory.

New-York, 1845.

THE MAIDEN'S FAREWELL TO HER LOVER.

BY MRS ANN S. STEPHENS.

SHALL I think of thee ! words are but musical ties,
The honey-bee murmurs his love as he flies,
And promises lightly or uselessly spoken
Are always the first to be ruthlessly broken.
Would ye take, then, a promise, when words cannot
bind
The faith of a heart or the thoughts of a mind ?

Shall I think of thee ? ay, as the bird that has been
Driven forth from her nest when the branches are
green—

As the deer hunted down on the shelterless plain
May pant for his home in the thicket again.
The blossom, all parched by the sun's vivid light,
Waits, faint and athirst, for the sweet dews of night,
And the soul thou hast thrill'd with the music of love
Turns to thee, as the flower drinks its life from above.

When the heavens are rich with the blushes of June,
Or pearly with light from the timid young moon,
Which now, like a pinnace, is launched in the sky,
And plowing the billows heaped lightly on high—
When the earth is all silent, and Nature asleep,

I shall think of this moment ; and, thinking, shall
weep :

Weep—sadly and fondly—almost broken-hearted,
Weep—not that I loved thee—but that we are parted.

Thou wilt think of me, too ! for my spirit will come,
Like a musical thought, to thy far distant home.
It will hover around thee, with smiles from the past,
And whisper of times all too precious to last.
It will haunt thee with blessings, and share thy repose,

And will be to thy heart as the dew to its rose.
It shall blend with thy slumbers, and tinge all thy
dreams,

As the sunset on waters all mellowy gleams.
When time and stern distance has torn us apart—
When another shall pillow her head on thy heart,
And lulled by its pulses sinks sweetly to rest,
Thou wilt think of me—lowly, alone and oppressed,
Till thy soul shall grow restless and pant to be free,
And each string, as it thrills, shall beat faithful to me.

But should time work a change on the feelings that
now

Fill thy bosom, like buds on a blossoming bough—
Why, let Time do his worst ! The heart may live on
In the wreck of its flowers, though the fragrance be
gone !

My spirit has rendered its treasures to thine,
As the devotee casts all his wealth on a shrine.
Go, and trample its gems to the earth if you will :

A gleam from their fragments will flash o'er thee still.
O'erwhelm thee with darkness, with clous and des-
pair,

In rust and in ruin, they yet will be there.

THE ALCHYMIST OF CORINTH

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD

I.

THOSE olden Alchymists—with their golden dreams—with their tireless search for knowledge, and their ceaseless application of that already obtained, have passed away. We read of them in books upon “popular delusions;” and now-a-days, the creature with barely mind enough to read a novel, claims, as his own, the advance of knowledge; and at ease over his prettily bound and well-explained volume of philosophy, curls his vain lip at the noble minds and mighty intellects that erred in their love and study of the Great Mother!

O, give us back those old dreamers! the Astrologers, who first taught Poetry and Science to walk hand in hand: the Alchymist, whose dream was but an emblem for Love, Hope, and Faith, a dream that breathed upon the leaden masses of the earth and turned them into gold! We could do well without some of our science; but we can ill spare the *heart* that made way for its advance!

II.

Moonlight in heaven, and the delicate white cloud-lets hung like bridal veils over the pure face of the

sky ; and the enduring stars smiled, solemn, serene, and still.

Moonlight on earth, and the flowers looked upward and dreamed that the stars were their sisters ; the green leaves glistened and the brooks flowed brightly.

Moonlight over Corinth ; and the white marble of her shrines and palaces gleamed in the ray ; the low shed of the artisan grew lovelier, and the gay city slept in the lustre.

Moonlight upon the bay, and the sails of the galleys glanced ; the leap of the dolphin filled the air with diamonds ; the white-winged gull flew freely as in the mid-day ; and burnished with silver was the lip of the wavelet as it rolled to kiss the beautiful shore.

Moonlight over all things, and the calmness of moonlight in the heart of old Eusebius, whom men called the ALCHYMIST !

There he sat in his dimly lighted study-room, with the alembic, the retort and the crucible around him ; poring over a well read parchment manuscript.

And as he read, he looked upward and smiled, and spoke aloud.

“ When shall I reach that Eden ? Ah, it is a happy land, and the gold of that land is good ; there is bdellium and the onyx stone.”

“ Ah, learned Eusebius, your thoughts are ever on your science ; but have you not yet discovered the secret ?” and the vice-governor of Corinth advanced into the room.

“ Noble Eubulus,” said the Alchemist, “ I had scarcely expected you so early. But for reply to your question, I have found the SECRET ; I have that

which makes all things golden. It is here ;” and he laid his hand reverently upon the manuscript. The noble stooped to examine it.

“What strange character is that in which it is written ?” he asked.

“What you now look upon,” said the Alchymist, “is Hebrew—the language of a race called Israelites ; but much of that volume is in our own Greek.”

“Ah, is it so ? But I do not wish to be a pupil : the effect of your science will content me. Have you yet made any gold ?”

“Not yet. But the time is near at hand, when I will look upon the treasures of the whole earth as matters of little value. I am rapidly drawing near that bourne of my hopes, beyond which all is glory.”

“True, you labor for the reputation ; but we of meaner desires ask for the gold. How is it you are to succeed, and where is this happy land—this Eden, as I think you call it ?”

“That,” said Eusebius, “that is the *secret*.”

III.

“Good Ælion, would not your studies advance more rapidly, if you were in the *museion** with my father ? You will scarce be an Alchymist if you spend so much of your time with me.”

“Yet would I rather study with you, sweet Clia.”

“I am not an adept, sir student, and cannot teach the science of transmutation.”

*Study, laboratory.

"Yet I have discovered a dearer alchimy than your father can impart."

"Ah, is it so? And what, pray, can it do for you?"

"It can touch all that this world has of dark, leaden, and unlovely, and change it into something bright as the dreams of Sappho. It resembles that Achaian King of olden time, whose hand turned all it touched to gold. So does my discovery."

"Doubtless Sappho's dreams were brilliant; and doubtless the monarch was a great Alchymist. But by what name do you call this new science?"

"It is an alchimy."

"And its name?"

"Is love!"

"Ah, what a droll name for a science. Are you an adept?"

"Scarcely yet, sweet Clia; but I fancy my knowledge already great enough to qualify me for a teacher. I would fain have thee for a pupil, *pneuma mia*."

"Nay, we simple girls have not the minds for those graver studies of you lords of earth. I care not for your science."

"But I would fain entreat thee——"

"I will not learn," said the maiden, imperiously. So the young Greek made his reverence and departed for the *museion*.

Which was the better alchimy, Ælion's, or that of Eusebius?

IV.

In the laboratory with his master, Ælion prepared for the study of his science. A man of strong intellect and most earnest nature, he had given up his whole heart to the fascinating employment. The high tone of poetic mystery adopted by the adepts, was full of charms for an enthusiastic mind such as his ; and he lent himself to its witchery the more unconditionally, perhaps, because he could not altogether comprehend it. The matter-of-fact men may say what they will ; but the endeavor to obtain knowledge has far more pleasure in it, than can be felt after it is obtained. The desire for the star is dearer than its possession could be !

“ When, good master, wilt thou impart thy secret to me ?” asked the young man of the adept.

“ When thou hast learned two lessons. To deny thyself, and to deny the world,” replied Eusebius.

“ The first,” said Ælion, “ I have long striven for and practised : the latter I scarcely comprehend.”

“ Thou canst refuse,” said the old man, “ thine own unruléd desires. But when the world demands aught of thee, canst thou be resolute in a refusal to yield it ? Thy search now is for a beautiful truth. Were earth to proffer gold, or titles, or honor to thee, as inducements to resign thy studies, couldst thou deny the earth ?”

“ I think that I have such a power,” replied the youth, modestly.

“ But were earth to heap upon thee opprobrium, scorn, hatred and persecutions——”

"I could still be firm," said Ælion, promptly.

"But were earth to doom thee to fetters, dungeons, the torture and the death——"

"Good Eusebius, these but hurt the body; and I have long since gathered from thy teachings, that man's true being is the essence imprisoned in this house of clay. For it, I can look with calm despising upon physical allurements, and on physical pain."

"It is well. Read this." And the old man placed the book which he had himself been reading, before his pupil, and left the laboratory. And Ælion bent over the volume, with studious resolution. As he read, an expression of great interest spread over his features; and he became wholly wrapped in the perusal of the pages before him. The lapse of an hour found him in the same position. His task was nearly finished, but as he drew to its close, more than one large tear fell upon the leaves. When he had finished, he looked up, and saw his master standing at his side.

"Eusebius," he said, "this was a God!"

"There is but one God, Ælion."

The young man gazed wonderingly at the Alchemist, and replied,

"Perhaps so: you know best. Know you anything more of this man? With such a leader, I could follow through any horrors and perils, methinks."

"Wouldst thou, then, willingly become a disciple of his?"

"Most willingly, good Eusebius."

"Listen, then, and I will tell thee more of him."—And sitting beside his pupil, the Alchemist revealed his *secret*. And there did the young man plight, upon

his knees, his faith to live, to labor, to endure, and, if need be, to die, for the sake of the knowledge then given him.

There was more in that alchimy of Eusebius, than men dreamed of.

V.

Eubulus, the vice-governor of Corinth, sat beside the daughter of Eusebius, in her own house.

"But, girl, if I have read your sex aright, you are all fond of gold and honors."

"Granted, noble sir, so they be honestly come by," said Clia.

"Honestly! Is it not enough for thee, that thou art loved by the vice-governor of Corinth?"

"Nay, even that is not enough," she answered, with a scorn that stung him to the quick.

"Thou shalt learn, then!" he shouted, angrily;—"yet, stay. Clia, I love thee well; better than I had thought; better than if thou hadst yielded lightly to my wish. I offer thee my name and honors, and the share of my rank. Wilt thou be my wife, Clia?"

"Nay, noble Eubulus, seek among those of thine own rank; I am too humble."

"But to me thou art the noblest in Corinth."

"I cannot love thee, Eubulus, and wanting that, I may not wed thee."

"But thou wilt learn to love me."

"Thou art greatly in error, sir vice-governor; and dost not read a woman's heart rightly. It can never be."

"Clia, I have wooed thee as fondly as ever man wooed woman, and as humbly as though thou wert the princess and I the plebeian: and thou hast been scornful through all. I will now woo thee as The-seus wooed Helen." And springing forward suddenly he caught her in his arms; but instantly loosened his clasp, and fell back with a cry of pain. As he did so, the blood trickled from his shoulder.

And the Greek girl stood erect there with flashing eyes, and pale face, and in her hand was a small dagger, and from its point the red blood dripped upon the floor.

"We have not forgotten the memory of Euphrasia," said she. "Begone!"

But as he left the apartment, he turned upon her with a savage scowl and said in a hoarse voice,

"Thou wilt be within my palace ere another sunset!"

VI.

And when evening came, Clia and her father and young Ælion sat together.

"I have told thee, my daughter," said the old man, "that I must seek for an heir who could protect what I must soon leave behind me."

"Am I not strong enough, my father?"

"No, my child; a woman's arm is not sufficient guard for all the treasure which I possess.

"Well, hast thou found one worthy to be thine inheritor?"

"Yes; he is at thy side."

Both Ælion and Clia started.

"Fear not, Clia," continued Eusebius, "he has thy father's *secret*! and thou, Ælion, mayest refuse the inheritance when thou shall hear it. 'Tis but a girl and a parchment; my child and this blessed book," and he pressed his lips reverently to the volume.

And Ælion turned to gaze upon Clia; and she laid her trembling hand in his and murmured,

"Where thou goest, I will go!"

"Good Eusebius, I will guard mine inheritance well," said Ælion, kneeling beside the Greek girl, at the feet of the Alchymist. And the old man marked a sign, as of a cross, upon their brows, and blessed them as they knelt; then pressed his lips to the white forehead of his child, and bade her go to her rest.

Some chroniclers have stated that Ælion did the same; but these read *lips*, instead of *forehead*. Some have blamed Ælion; but the present chronicler thinks that he would have done the same in his situation.

So Clia went away to a maiden's love-dreams.—They are, doubtless, bright ones, and many a woman hath attempted to describe them. They were better, methinks, fancied than painted; better dreamed over than talked about.

But when it was midnight, these dreams of hers were rudely broken. The war as of a multitude of men; the blast of the military trumpets, and the clash of cymbals. And above all, the shout of "Fire! Fire!" And she saw the flames gleaming through the folds of the tapestry which hung above her door; and in another moment, they burst into the room, and she resigned herself to die. To pass from her love-dreams

to the grave—from the lips of Ælion to the kisses of the worm.

She marked the cross upon her forehead and breast, and knelt down and hid her face. But at the moment she did so, a man sprung through the flaming doorway, caught her in his arms, and bore her away. But the sudden rescue overpowered her, and she became senseless. When she recovered, she found herself lying upon a low couch, and the vice-governor bending over her.

He smiled, and her heart died within her. She placed her hand upon her side; but he smiled again, and holding up the small dagger, said,

“This pretty toy, beautiful Clia, is in my possession now.”

VII.

The abduction of the Alchymist's daughter had not been accomplished unseen: a slave had recognized his mistress, and had followed the band of soldiery who guarded her, until they reached the residence of Eubulus. By this means, Eusebius and Ælion were apprized of the present dangers threatening Clia.

“I will go at once to his house and demand her restitution,” said Ælion, hotly.

“To what purpose, my son? Remember, that the power of this man is almost unlimited. It will avail thee little.”

“Must we, then, leave Clia to abide his will?”

“Not so. Come with me to the Irenarch's. The Alchymist has some power with him.”

So they went to the house of the Roman governor of Corinth; and the name of Eusebius procured him instant admission to the presence of the man of power.

"So, good friend," cried the governor, as they entered, "thou hast doubtless come to tell me of thy success. Hast thou found the secret? Wilt thou enrich our coffers? Trust me, they never were leaner!"

"Nay, noble Aulus; I am come but to beg a favor."

"Well, thou dost not ask many. What is it?"

"My house was fired last night, and my child carried off."

"What! Thy daughter?"

"Yes, my lord. But we have traced her abductors; and have discovered the spot where she is now confined."

"I will assuredly help thee," said the Roman.—
"Who is it that has committed the outrage?"

"The vice-governor!"

"Ha! Eubulus?"

"Even he, my lord."

"Well, I scarce know how to deal with him: stay," and he paced up and down the room for a moment, then pointing to Ælion, he asked,

"Who is this? Thy son?"

"The betrothed of my child," replied Eusebius.

"Well. Here, young sir; take this signet, which will admit thee anywhere; and I will give thee two or three of my guard. I will send for Eubulus, and hold him amused, while you enter his palace and retrieve

your treasure." And as he spoke, he drew a ring from his finger, and gave it to Ælion.

"There: be sure to choose the proper hour. Watch for the vice-governor's departure, and then, success attend you. Ho, Siphax!"

As he called, the centurion of the guard entered.

"Good Siphax, do thou, and two of thy most trustworthy fellows, go with these, my friends, and assist them in their search. They will explain all. And, hark'ye, despatch a messenger to Eubulus, craving his instant attendance upon me." And waving a reply to their thanks, he motioned them to retire.

VIII.

But why should our chronicle delay to tell of Clia's rescue? What love can dare and do, has been the theme of romancers and troubadours, too long to need the record of its doings here. And less wonderful than all are the deeds of such a love as Ælion's.—When one of those deep-minded, student-men love, there is something awful in the quiet mightiness of the feeling. They look so calmly, and so well-controlled, and they *are* so terrible in heart, when roused, that those called passionate men, would shudder and wonder to see them.

Clia was saved—and, at her father's bidding, set forth for a neighboring island, wherein she would find ample protection from the power of Eubulus.

And that night, as the light shallop that held them danced merrily over the starlit wavelets of the bay—and as Ælion, his arm round Clia's waist, murmured

love's prophecies of happy days to be, she exclaimed, suddenly, pointing toward the shore of Corinth,

"See, Ælion, what can that be?"

And as he looked, he saw a flame springing from the edge of the bay and mounting up toward Heaven.

Merrily sped that shallop on the bay ; but little wist its voyagers of things within that city. The governor of Corinth, to escape a quarrel with Eubulus, had left the city as soon as they parted. Eubulus returned to his house to find that Clia was rescued. Instantly, he used every means for her discovery, and when foiled, turned his rage against Eusebius. Him he accused of sorcery. Short trial was needed ; for Power accused, and only Innocence defended. And the Alchymist was condemned.

Merrily sped that shallop o'er the bay—and merrily flowed the crowd to its sandy shore. All Corinth's people—young and old—the man who had forgotten how to smile—the child who had not learned to sigh. And they were all merry, as they should be, for they were going to burn a sorcerer.

Merrily sped that shallop o'er the bay, as they bound Eusebius to the stake, and heaped the faggots round his aged limbs ; and as he raised his eyes to Heaven, and prayed, Eubulus asked him,

"Well, old Alchymist, what avail thy studies now?"

And the old man smiled, as he answered,

"They teach me to forgive thee."

Merrily sped that shallop o'er the bay, as the flames leaped up about the martyr ; and the mad populace shouted. The vice-governor again addressed the old man.

“Hast thou found the secret, Alchymist?”

“I have!”

“And this happy land of thine, where is it?”

And the old man pointed upward, and smiled, and died, as he answered,

“THERE!”

In their quiet island, they heard of the old man's martyrdom; and long and bitterly did Clia weep: but the God of the fatherless dried her tears; and the litanies of the early Christians were chanted for his happy rest.

Such is the legend of the Alchymist of Corinth.

THE SEA GULL.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

BIRD of the briny wave !
Thou cradlest 'midst its foam !
To thee it is a place of rest,
A haven and a home :
And, when the tempest howls aloud,
Thy shelter is the wave's white shroud.

Fearless thou spread'st thy wing,
And o'er the angry deep,
While human courage shrinks appalled,
With gladness thou dost sweep :
Joy sparkles in thy brilliant eye,
When tempests rage and waves run high.

When on the wave thou'st danced thy fill,
Within some rocky cleft—
Where thou perchance at morning dawn
Thy mate and younglings left—
Thou hiest again, with laden bill,
To feed and guard thy brood from ill.

Oh, happy bird ! I fain, like thee,
Would leave the haunts of man,
And on the wave, or in the cliff,
Wear out life's weary span :
Content to leave the verdant sod
For sea, for sky, and Nature's God.



Two - Sea Gulls

HUMANITY.

BY HORACE GREELEY, ESQ.

THE watchword of the Nineteenth Century is BROTHERHOOD. Rapid and wonderful as is the progress of Physical Science—valuable to Man as are the Steamboat, the Railroad, the Magnetic Telegraph—mighty as are the results attained, mightier the hopes excited and justified, by the march of discovery and invention—the great discovery being made, and to be made by the children of men is that of their community of origin, of interests, of aspirations. ‘God hath made of one blood all people,’ is its essence, proclaimed many years ago; the new truth is but the old realized and made practical. Humanity refuses longer to be separated and arrayed against itself. Whoever oppresses or injures any human being, however abject or culpable, wrongs and tramples all men, himself included.

A grave, momentous truth—let it be heard and heeded. Hear it, grim and ruthless warrior! eager to rush over myriads of gashed and writhing bodies to coveted fame and power! These thou wouldst so readily trample into the earth are not really enemies, not merely victims—not something which may be separated from thee and thine: they are thy fellows,

kinsmen, brethren—with thee, members of one another ! and of Humanity. The sword which hews them down, maims thee : the hoof that tramples them, wounds thee. No armor ever devised by cunning or selfishness can prevent this : no walls of stone or living men can ward off the blow. As surely as the verdant tree must mark its shadow in the sunshine—as surely as the stone projected upward will not rest in mid-air, but descend—so surely falls the evil on him by whom evil is done or meditated.

Miser ! heaping up fresh hoards of yellow dross ! thou art starving, not others only, but thyself ! Bread may fill thy garners, and thy vaults be stored with ruddy wines ; but Plenty cannot come where dwells the insatiable thirst for more ; and baleful are the possessions which contract the brow and harden the heart ; speedy and sure is the judgment which avenges the woes of thy pale, hollow-cheeked victims !

Libertine ! believe not that the anguish thou so recklessly invokest on others shall leave thee unscathed ! The contrary is written in the law whose date is Eternity, whose sphere the Universe. Fleeting and hollow are the guilty joys thou seekest, while the crimes by which they are compassed shall darken thy soul and embitter thy thoughts forever !

And thou, humble, self-denying votary of the highest good—the good of thy brethren, thy fellow-beings—vainly shalt thou strive to sacrifice thy own happiness to brighten the dark pathway of the needy, the wretched : the kindly fates will not permit it ; Heaven will persist in promptly repaying thee more and

better than thou hast given. Give all thou hast to lighten the burthens of others to-day, and the bounteous reward will not wait for to-morrow's sun. It will insist on making thee richer, in thy hunger and nakedness, than the king amid his pomp, the banker amid his treasures. Thy riches are safe from every device of villany, from every access of calamity; they cannot be separated from, nor made unavailable to thee. While thou art, they shall be to thee a chastened gladness, a tranquil rapture forever!

And thou, saintly devotee, and shrine of all virtues! look not down in loathing, but in pity, on the ruined votary of vice and crime. He is here to teach thee not pride, but humility. The corrupt, revolting thing he is, tells thee what thou mightest easily have been, had not Divine Goodness, for its own high ends, not *thine*, willed otherwise. The drunkard's maudlin leer—the lecher's marred and hideous visage—the thief's catlike tread and greedy eyes—even the murderer's stony heart and reeking hand—all these, rightly viewed, are but indications of the possibilities of thy own nature, commanding gratitude to God, and compassion for all human errors.

Ay, "we are all members together of one body." Whether blackened by the fervid sun of tropical deserts, or bleached by the fogs of a colder clime—whether worshipping God or the Grand Lama, erecting Christian altars in the savage wilderness, or falling in frenzy beneath the wheels of Juggernaut—whether acting the part of a Washington or a Nicholas, a Howard or a Thug—the same red current courses through all our veins—the same essential nature reveals itself

through all. The slave in his coffin, the overseer brandishing his whip, the abolitionist denouncing oppression—who shall say that any one of these might not have been trained to do the deeds and think the thoughts of any other? Who shall say that the red-handed savage of the wilds might not have been the meek, benign village pastor, blessing and blest by all around him, if his lot had been cast in Vermont instead of Oregon? Who shall say how far his crimes are treasured up against him in the great account, and how far they are charged to the perverting, darkening force of Christian rapacity and fraud, or esteemed the result of a Christian indifference and lethargy—only less culpable?

Away, then, from human sight with the hideous implements of human butchery and destruction! Break the sword in its scabbard, bury the cannon in the earth, sink the bombs in the ocean! What business have these to disturb by their hateful presence the visible harmony of God's universe? How dare men go out into the balmy air and bright sunshine, and there, in the full view of Heaven, essay to maim and massacre each other? How would their wretched babblement of National interests or National honor sound, if addressed directly to the All-Ruling, as an apology for wholesale slaughter? Who would dare be their mouth-piece in proffering an excuse so pitiful? And do not the abettors of war realize that their vile appeals to the baser passions of our nature resound in the ears of the Recording Angel?

But not war alone, the grossest form of human antagonism, but every form, is destined to a speedy

extinction. The celestial voice that asked of old the terrific question, "Where is thy brother Abel?" shall yet be heard and responded to by every one who would win profit or enjoyment from that which oppresses or degrades a single human being. The oppressor, the dram-seller, the gamester, are already beginning to listen, perforce, to its searching appeal—listen, at first, perhaps, with frowns, and sneers, and curses; but even these are symptoms of the inward convulsion—first mutterings of the mighty earthquake at hand.

In the day of light now dawning, no relation so palpably vicious as theirs can possibly abide. But theirs are the rude, salient outworks, which cover, while they stand the smoother, ampler, sturdier citadel of error. That all-pervading selfishness, which forgets or disregards the general well-being, is yet to be tracked to its most secret recesses, and extirpated.

The avocations of Life, the usages and structure of Society, the relations of Power to Humility, of Wealth to Poverty, of *served* and servant, must all be fused in the crucible of Human Brotherhood, and whatever abides not the test, rejected. Vainly will any seek to avert or escape the ordeal—idly will any hope to preserve from it some darling lust of pampered luxury or vanity. Onward, upward, irresistibly, shall move the Spirit of Reform, abasing the proud, exalting the lowly, until Sloth and Selfishness, Tyranny and Slavery, Waste and Want, Ignorance and Corruption, shall be swept from the face of the earth, and a golden age of Knowledge,

of Virtue, of Plenty, and Happiness, shall dawn upon our sinning and suffering Race. Heaven speed its glorious coming and prepare us to welcome and enjoy it!

TO A STAR.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

“As your faith is, be it unto you.”

For many a long and weary night, bright star,
I've watched thy tardy coming; thy sisters came,
Unheeded passed — their mission was afar,
To hearts that waited, as I wait thy flame,
Thou beautiful! unchangeably the same!

A thousand stars move, side by side, with thee,
And sweetly each are votive hearts beguiling;
But thou, O thou alone, bright one! for me
Dost seem to keep thy light with love-rays smiling,
And me from care, and me from grief art wiling.

Last night, around thy throned pavilion hung
The darkness of the storm — nor came one ray
To cheer my lonely lattice, yet I clung
To my sweet faith, that thou wert there alway,
Again to smile when passed the stormy day.

Perchance I worship a deluding ray —
Thou art no star; art but a point of light
Left in the track of one, long passed away
To other spheres, where constellations bright
Usher to other worlds a glorious night.

Go, go, I will not worship thee the less ;
Thou art a *real*, if I make thee so —
Thou art a star, a star my night to bless ;
And no stray beam, which perished long ago,
Hath the bright world from whence thy beamings
flow.

THE CONSPIRATORS:

A ROMANTIC TALE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY J. P. BRACE, ESQ.

THE last lamps had expired in the streets of Florence, and the gloomy darkness of a moonless midnight had enshrouded her splendid palaces. The lover's lute was no longer heard beneath the window of his mistress, for the massive clouds, as they marched in sombre battallions from the top of the Appenines, had warned him of the coming storm. The latticed bower of the tender maiden was closed, and love and music were forgotten as the wind howled its hoarse notes through the poplars and larches of the avenues. Even the Arno, wont to sing his song of peace and love to the nightingale amid the roses on his banks, now roared tumultuously in the rising gale, like the sound of a rushing multitude. The Ducal palace itself, the resort of the gay, the enlightened, and the scientific, was now silent in all its courts, and but here and there a night-lamp darted its dim rays over the splendid monuments of art around.

In this gloomy night, as the midnight chime tolled the hour of twelve, a few scattered figures, rolled up in their long cloaks, were seen, one by one, to creep out of the suburbs of the city and enter one of the sepulchral vaults in its neighborhood. The cemetery

which these wanderers of the night had chosen for their meeting was one of a number of large caverns in the environs of the city, which had been selected as a fit repository for the ashes of the dead by one of the noble families in Florence now in decline.—Around its huge stone sides, the coffins of other generations were arranged ; some of the oldest of which having given away to the effects of time, the bones of the dead in all their ghastly whiteness, and the naked skulls in their grinning mockery were scattered over the rude stone floor.

The train having entered, one by one, the entrance of the vault was closed, and then a few faint lamps and the flickering light of a few torches feebly illuminated the sides of the close, damp, gloomy house of death. The recent coffins supplied the seats, and each in silence looked to one who appeared the leader of the throng, as if they expected him to break the stillness that seemed, like the damps of the charnel-house where they were, to be creeping over them. Painful emotions seemed to be struggling in the breast of this leader. His age might be about forty—but the haggard and care-worn cheek, thin, but stained with the fires of indulgence made him appear older. His eye once had been good, but the wildness of unlawful passions and unrestrained temper had withered its beauty, and dried up its expression. As he looked around on the bones of his ancestors now crumbling about him ; ancestors renowned in the conflicts of Italy, his spirit almost sunk within him at the contrast.

“It ill becomes the last member of the house of

Ursini," said he, waving his hand as if to drive from his mind the images that throng'd around it, "amid these torn and mouldering banners that float around him, to speak of his ancestral dignity. You all well know, when these arms now crumbling around us, were in their sockets, and strong in their flesh, that no base usurper dared sway the sceptre of power in Florence. And yet, Prospero Ursini, possessed of the same blood that once animated all this dust, lives to tell you that a stranger oppresses Florence; and Prospero Ursini dares not repeat this truth to the friends of his family only in the vault of his ancestors, at the hour of midnight and tempest. I have summoned you here, where the emissaries of the tyrant cannot reach us, to further that great plan, we have privately formed to drive by stealth or by force, the proud Colonna from the city. The few adherents of my house that time and the tyrant have left to me, shall be in arms immediately, and for myself, as leader, or as follower, I here devote myself to one great object. Speak, all of you, will you not assist me?"

He looked around on the Conspirators with an air of confidence, which changed to surprise and almost to anger, as he saw their downcast eyes and averted looks.

"Need ye more motives," he exclaimed, "than the oppression of one who pretends to gild the bitter pill of tyranny by a boast of the public good? Are ye Florentines, and not ready to hazard something for your rights? Need I tell you, Poggio Valentius, of your plundered property, of your burnt villa, and depopulated patrimony? Need I paint to you, Foscari,

the haughty form of Pedro Colonna in the syndic's chair, *yours* by right and by ability? Shall I tell you, Cosmo Medicis, of your expulsion from the Ducal palace, or warn Tremori of the unexecuted sentence of what the Duke pleases to call law? Are ye men, and not roused to action?"

"All this is true," replied Foscari, "and we feel these insults throbbing in every vein, but how useless, how presumptuous, with our slender means, to overturn such established authority. It would be madness. The great military reputation of the Duke draws too many followers around him for us to hope for success while his great and active spirit pervades the soldiery. Nay, chafe not, Ursini, we mean well to your cause, but your plan is rash."

"Prospero Ursini," said a deep harsh voice from behind, "he is right."

The group started on their feet, and turned to the part of the cavern whence the sound issued; a tall, large man, stood wrapped in a long black cloak.

"We are betrayed," said Ursini; "friends, draw and place the villian beyond the power of injuring us."

In an instant, more than twenty swords were at his breast. A smile of contemptuous defiance curled the lip of the stranger, as a single sweep of his unweaponed arm levelled every sword within its reach at his feet.

"Stop such childish sword's play," said he, in a voice of thunder, that *quelled* their very blood within them, "hear me; I came not to betray—but to assist. Did I wish to betray, what prevented me from surrounding the mouth of this sepulchre with the tyrant's

guards, and sending you in an instant to join these crumbling bones. Prospero Ursini, your object cannot be accomplished by your plan. The citizens of Florence opposed to the sway of the Colonnas will not enroll themselves beneath you; beloved as your name is here, the remembrance of the follies and vices of your youth is too fresh in their recollection. They know you to be eloquent, but versatile, and they know you are no match to the calm, cool bravery of the Duke. These are plain truths, Ursini, and you must hear them without the flush of offence on your cheek, for they are truths."

While he was speaking, the stranger had drawn nearer the light, and the whole assembly were struck with wonder at the character of his countenance. There was a spirit of insubordination, of pride, and of restlessness, stamped upon his strong and fiery visage, that marked, a bold and daring, but wicked character. His face was one perfect volcano of expression. Every line and muscle in it were alive with some wild passion, and were continually changing through all the moods of ungoverned feeling. When one dared to look on his varying countenance, it was plainly seen that no mildness had ever quenched the fire in his eye, and softness relaxed his muscles. To tell the color of that eye was almost impossible. 'Twas black as night, and yet it was fire—not the bright cheering blaze of the sun's golden light, but like the lurid flames of hell amid the darkness of the infernal regions. But the varied expressions of those orbs were almost unimaginable. Ungoverned rage would sometimes dart its flames; malice with con-

tracted eye-brow, would look in fiendish mockery and joy from its darkness; and revenge, with its sullen scowl, would lend its diabolical light to the eye-ball; and if no powerful passion rolled over the soul and sent its blaze and smoke from the eye, the broad unendurable stare of pride and haughtiness, of superiority felt and acknowledged—but superiority only in wickedness, would elevate the eye-brow and dilate the eye. There were some moments, when no one saw him, when the expression of intense mental suffering would seem to strain to agony those eyes—when the contractions of revenge on the brow would give place to the contractions of pain, and the sneer of contempt around the mouth to writhings of suppressed torment; but man never saw these moments, and the right hand elevated in defiance to heaven, and the blasphemy uttered by the lips showed that suffering never produced reformation or contrition in him. Such was this stranger's countenance, as afterward seen and learnt by the assembled conspirators. Now the tumult of the moment left them no room for speculations in physiognomy.

“Who are you, terrific one,” said Ursini, “and how came you here? I myself admitted this group, and counted them as they entered.”

“No matter who I am,” replied the stranger, “or how I came here. Give yourselves up to my guidance, and your object is obtained.”

“What proof,” said the conspirators, “will you give us of your fidelity to our object? Powerful as your personal strength is, you are nameless and a stranger.”

"Proof!" uttered the stranger, "proof!—the success of your plans! Hark, thee, Foscari, can that being want power to further your objects, or ability to carry them into execution, who can tell you what this morning saw you perform in your secret apartment. Remember the vows of Marcia Adaponi, and be quiet. But I will now give you one proof of my fidelity that will convince you—you even now have a traitor among you. Marco Palazzo yonder came here this night to report your proceedings to the Duke. He even now carries a letter from Colonna about him, requesting him to ascertain if plots against his government are in agitation, and promising reward to his discoveries. Search him and see."

In an instant Palazzo was struck to the ground by the exasperated assembly, and the fatal scroll found upon him as the stranger had asserted.

"What shall be done?" said Ursini. "It should appear that Colonna as yet does not suspect us."

"Done!" replied the stranger, "dead men tell no tales, and the sepulchre is ready."

A dozen daggers were instantly buried in his body. The conspirators were all too busy to note the smile of contemptuous joy and gratified malice that curled the lip and flashed in the eye of the stranger at the deed.

"We are convinced, noble stranger," cried the group, as they arose reeking from the murder of Palazzo; "we need no more proof. You shall be our leader."

"It is well," said the stranger, in a cold, dry tone; "but I, too, must have some pledge that you will not

desert me. I ask not for reward in this bold enterprise. The honors and the wealth of Florence are nothing to me. Share them among you. What I shall demand from you, for my assistance, you shall know hereafter; in the meantime, to give me some pledge of your present sincerity, draw in a circle around this body."

They all complied with the request, awe-struck by the stern, overbearing expression of his face. He then extended the body at length on one of the coffins, and placed the lamps upon it. He then bared the wounds, and dipping his hand in the blood, he extended it to the group.

"Swear," said he, "by this blood that you have shed, that you will stand by me, with soul and with spirit, with strength of body and firmness of purpose, in the grand object we have undertaken. Swear this!"

"We swear it," was the united reply.

He then, with his bloody finger, drew a mark on their foreheads and touched their lips.

"You have now," continued he, "tasted of blood shed by your own hands. You have now received my mark on your foreheads. Swear you will be mine, from this time and forever!"

"We swear it," was again the reply. "From this moment we are thine."

An exulting laugh, discordant as the shout of Hell, burst from the stranger's lips, and, with its *sounds* of mockery and derision, echoed far down the stony vault. It almost seemed to the wondering conspirators as if other voices took up the sound, and other laughs of

mockery and derision and exultation burst from every corner of the sepulcher.

“Attend now to my plan, and the means of carrying it into execution. Your object has been to raise the citizens of Florence, and by open war to drive the Colonnas from their power. This will not do. The Duke is an old soldier, well skilled in warfare. His army are personally attached to him, and would stand by him through right or wrong. Were he removed, that army would soon crumble away without their head. His brother Pedro is too unpopular with them to control them in the least; and the Duke’s children are either females or too young to succeed him in his plans. The Duke, then, must be removed, and our object is attained. But to show you that I do not advise that which I am unwilling to perform, I myself will undertake that office. I will mingle among the Duke’s adherents, and will seek an opportunity of ending him. In the meantime, do you mingle with the citizens of Florence—appear to have forgotten your animosities to the existing government—make yourselves useful and popular. I shall delay the blow until you are ready with your adherents for open revolt, and then the death of Ludovico Colonna will easily give you the superiority. Shall it be done?”

“We are perfectly satisfied,” was the reply.

“We meet, then, no more at present. When you see me at court, know me by the name of Diavolo; but view me as a stranger. Let us depart.”

The next day to the meeting of the conspirators, Ludovico Colonna entered his palace, conducting a

youthful stranger. The Duke was pale with some suppressed emotion, and the younger members of his family crowded around him with great anxiety.

"To this youth," said he, appealing to the group of children and domestics, "owe I this day the preservation of my honor. Accusations were brought against me in the council, which this young man was enabled—how, I know not—to disprove. I then gratefully promised him my protection. He tells me he is of noble birth in Naples, but unfortunate; he, therefore, has still higher claims upon my support. Receive him, then, as an inmate; be grateful to him for what he has done for me; love him for what he may prove himself to be."

The eyes of the wondering family were turned upon the stranger. Seldom was a finer form or nobler face presented to their view. Above the middle size, symmetry and strength had marked his system. The features of his face were of the Roman stamp, and marked, when stationary, an apparently noble soul. The flexibility of his muscles, the large and easily turned black eye, the motion of his jetty eye-brows, showed a capability of expression and strength of feeling, though controlled, hardly equalled.

"By what name," said a beautiful girl, the eldest child of the Duke, "by what name are we to distinguish our guest?"

"My name is *Diavolo*," replied the stranger, "and I trust that my future adherence to this family will not disappoint the confidence the Grand Duke has been pleased to bestow upon me."

The maiden started, as the bright black eye of the

stranger rested upon her in its strength of beauty.—She thought, for the moment, she had never seen a more fascinating smile play in its sunny loveliness about the mouth of any one, or an eye look upon her in such power of manly beauty.

Days, weeks, and even months, glided by, and still Diavolo remained in the palace of Colonna, as a private secretary of the Duke, attaching his master to him by his prompt, active, and intelligent services, and exciting the admiration of the lovely Lauretta Colonna by his varied accomplishments.

Almost every day, as Diavolo passed the market-place, or went to the Senate house, in a passing whisper he would inquire of Ursini or Foscari, whether all things were ready ; and notice, with a sneer of contempt, the shake of the head in reply.

Colonna's government was so mild and equitable—the burdens of the people so light—and he himself so affable and easy of access, that few complaints were heard ; and even the separate adherents of the families of the conspirators were but easily roused into action. Ludovico Colonna was now past the period of middle life, and though bred a soldier, and though placed at the head of the government of Florence by a faction and a civil war, yet he aimed to be called the father of his people ; and nought but the jealousy of faction would have ever found fault with his administration. He had instituted profitable manufactures—had encouraged a taste for the fine arts, which afterward made Florence the ornament of Italy, and had made himself so formidable to the neighboring powers by the

energy and strength of his government, that he was beloved at home, and feared and respected abroad.

In private, he was the affectionate father, the kind master, the intelligent citizen—and taste and elegance and learning seemed to have made the Ducal palace of Florence their residence ; while the slight and airy form of Lauretta Colonna seemed to hover around the monuments of genius and of taste, like the moonbeams upon silver columns, giving a grace and a softness to the richness and elegance around her. Hers was not the regularity of beauty or the splendor of perfection ; it was the gaiety of a sunny heart, shining like the amber glow of sunset upon her pure complexion, in her bright blue eye, and over her bewitching features.

Placed within the influence of her beauty, Diavolo thought it would be an addition to his plan to gain her love. Every day, then, he spread before her the fascinations of his accomplishments, the elegance and refinement of his manners, the extent of his knowledge, and the extreme beauty of his person. Perhaps no young girl can be every day with a man of elegance, beauty, and genius, see him in the familiarities of ordinary intercourse, without loving him ? Laurretta saw him when the eyes of her father and the aged were held in rapture upon him, as his eloquence marked out the political relations of Europe. Was it wonderful that she respected him ? She saw him the center of a group of admiring youth, fascinated by his poetry and his music. Was it wonderful that she admired him ? She saw him in her own bower by moonlight, alone, when the ardor of passion shone in his

soft eye, and murmured in his suppressed sigh ; and was it wonderful that she *loved* him ?

One beautiful evening, the gay, the beautiful, and the noble of Florence, had assembled at the Ducal palace. All was elegance and animation ; but Lauretta could not be gay or animated. She followed the form of Diavolo, as he passed her to and fro in the splendid crowds, and listened with breathless attention to the rich deep tones of his voice, as they were heard from group to group. She could not bear the gaiety, and retired in sadness to a recess. Diavolo soon joined her, and from his tenderness of inquiry and softness of tone, she soon learnt what her bosom had long desired to know—that she was beloved. The delirium of transport with which she gazed for a moment on those soft eyes, now beaming in love upon her, was too much ; and she closed her eyes in the excess of her happiness. When she opened them, Diavolo was speaking to two persons, who hurried him from the recess.

They were Ursini and Foscari, who had come to inform him that five thousand French were then concealed in the neighborhood of Florence, and that all was ready for their deed. As Lauretta left her station, her bosom heaving with its happiness, she discovered the company had departed. Seizing a lamp, she was hurrying to her apartment, when she passed Diavolo without his perceiving her. Never before had she seen such an expression on those beloved features. Malice and triumph blazed in the eye, and the lour of hatred gathered on the brow. She hastened to her chamber, but not to sleep. What could that expres-

sion mean ? The moon of her existence was eclipsed. Would it ever be bright again ? Whichever way she turned, that scowl of hatred, those parted lips and closed teeth of settled vindictiveness, appeared before her.

She had hardly sat an hour, before a scream of agony and of horror, from her father's apartment, roused her from her reverie. Darting from her room into the suite of apartments occupied by the Duke, the first object she saw, was Diavolo dragging her father, wounded and disabled, from his room into the ante-chamber, and brandishing a dagger in his uplifted hand.

"Oh, spare him, Diavolo ! Spare him ! There is not a boon you can ask, but what I will grant, if you will not murder him. He is your benefactor, Diavolo—he loves you—he is the father of his people. Spare him, for my sake," said she, kneeling at his feet, still seeing the unsoftened features of the murderer. "It is Lauretta Colonna who kneels. Hear me, Diavolo ; and turn not from me. But a few hours ago, and it was to you I looked as the sun of my existence : but a few hours ago, and I was but too happy to gaze on your face and think you almost an angel. Every pulsation of my virgin heart was yours ; and now I kneel to you not to murder my father ! Spare him, Diavolo ! Spare him !"

Diavolo's countenance was unmoved, a sneer curled his lip—but no fury agitated his face, or convulsed his muscles. What he did seemed to be the settled purpose of the hatred that now glared in his demoniacal eye.

"Lauretta," said he, with a cold, calm voice, "look in yonder chamber, and see if you can find any monuments of my sparing mercy."

She flew to the room, and there lay the bodies of her two little brothers weltering in each other's gore, and her mother gasping her last on the hearth stone.

"Monster, fiend, demon," exclaimed the frantic girl, "what, all?" She said no more, for she heard the stab, the death-groan and struggle, the rush of the heart's blood as it gushed from the wound, and the fiendish laugh that echoed through the palace in awful derision. A thousand steps were now heard crowding to the gates, and through the halls, and shouts of "Ursini"—"long live Prospero Ursini"—echoed through the streets. As they burst into the room, Diavolo seized Lauretta by the waist—"And so you would love me, all amiable as I am; here," said he, flinging her among the group of soldiers who advanced, "here is the first object for your rapacity."—The soldiers shouted as they received her on their shields, but the soul of the afflicted maiden had fled before she reached them.

The surprise was effectual, and the next morning saw Prospero Ursini the Duke of Florence. But dreadful was the sight of the devoted city that morning. The friends of Colonna had fought bravely, but overpowered by numbers and surprise, and dispirited by the loss of their leader, they soon covered their streets with their bodies, and as the morning light beamed on Florence, it beamed o'er slaughtered piles and burning houses, and orphans and widows thrown out on the world without protection or support. The

Ursini faction had obtained their wishes. Prospero Ursini was installed into the office of Duke, by the self-constituted Senate of the conspirators, and each one of the faction had his share of reward and emolument. Diavolo, who during the few days in which the affairs of government were settling had been absent, again made his appearance in the assembled Senate of the conspirators, and with a stern and contemptuous expression of countenance, demanded of them his part of the rewards and emoluments.

"I told you," said he, "that I did not ask office, or honor, or riches. What I do ask of you, is only a lock of hair from each, as another pledge of what you swore to me in the sepulchral vault."

The Senate would have smiled at the apparent folly of the request, but they were awed into silence by the stern look of one who had acquired such an ascendancy over them, and gave him the lock without comment.

For a few days the people silently acquiesced in the change of government, but the tyranny and oppression of Ursini, and the remembrance of the mild administration of Colonna were beginning to rouse them to action, and nothing but the terror of the French soldiery in the city kept them under. In a short time, however, rumors reached the city that the Imperialists were in full march toward Florence, to put down a faction always so much opposed to their interests. The conspirators were awakened from the short dream of power, to perceive that neither at home nor abroad could they look for support. The Imperialists advanced—a battle was fought near the

city, and the conspirators forced into it with the prospect of an immediate and successful siege. The Senate was assembled, and the gloom and distrust hanging on each face, showed their dread of the future. In the midst of their deliberations, Diavolo suddenly made his appearance. His form was no longer that of man, nor his face human. The demon now shone conspicuous in him, and though the form that he still assumed was manlike, it towered so much above the usual proportions and the face glared with such intensity of malice as to mark the fiend. With horror the conspirators shrunk from their seats, as the fell eye of vindictiveness burnt on each, and terror and despair, the most dreadful and the most intense, seized every bosom.

"I am come," said he, in the tones of Hell, "I am come now to demand your pledges; you have lived out your day of wickedness, and I have satiated my desire of hatred and malice towards you, and now you receive your punishment. Mine you swore to be forever. In the flames of Hell, mine you shall be. Did you think I meant to serve you? I hate your accursed race too much, and all that vengeance can bestow upon me is mine. By connecting your fate with mine, you have enabled me to perform the mischief I have, and blood and carnage and misery have been the consequences. Now to your punishment."

On a censer of coals in the apartment he flung the locks of hair they had given, and the attendants heard without, a loud, long shriek of agony and despair, mingled with a shout of mockery, and triumph, and

derision, that rang in echo through the Senate house ,
when they rushed to the chamber, the blackened and
disfigured corpses of the conspirators were all
they saw.

CHANGES ON THE DEEP.

BY H. F. GOULD.

A GALLANT ship ! and trim and tight ;
Across the deep she speeds away,
While mantled with the golden light
The sun throws back, at close of day.
And who, that sees that stately ship
Her haughty stern in ocean dip
Has ever seen a prouder one
Illumined by a setting sun ?

The breath of summer, sweet and soft,
Her canvas swells, while, wide and fair,
And floating from her mast aloft,
Her flag plays off on gentle air.
And, as her steady prow divides
The waters to her even sides,
She passes, like a bird, between
The peaceful deep and sky serene.

And now, grave Twilight's slender veil
The moon with shafts of silver rends ;
And, down on billow, deck and sail,
Her placid luster gently sends.
The stars, as if the arch of blue
Were pierced to let the glory through,

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From their bright world look out, and win
The soul of man to enter in.

And many a heart that 's warm and true,
That noble ship bears on with pride ;
While, 'mid the many forms, are two
Of passing beauty, side by side.
A fair, young mother, standing by
Her bosom's lord, has fixed her eye
With his, upon the blessed star
That points them to their home afar.

Their thoughts fly forth to those who, there,
Are waiting now, with joy to hail
The moment that shall grant their prayer,
And heave in sight the coming sail.
For many a time the changeful queen
Of night has vanished and been seen,
Since, o'er a foreign shore to roam,
They passed from that dear, native home.

The babe, that, on its father's breast,
Has let its little eyelids close,
The mother bears below to rest,
And sinks with it in sweet repose.
The while, a sailor climbs the shroud,
And in the distance spies a cloud !
Low, like a swelling seed, it lies,
From which the towering storm shall rise.

The powers of air are now about
To muster from their hidden caves.

The winds unchained, come rushing out,
And into mountains heap the waves.
Upon the sky the darkness spreads !
The tempest on the ocean treads ;
And yawning caverns are its track
Amid the waters wild and black.

Its voice—but who shall give the sounds
Of that dread voice ?—The ship is dashed
In roaring depths, and now she bounds
On high, by foaming surges lashed.
And how is she the storm to bide ?
Its sweeping wing is strong and wide ;
The hand of man has lost control
O'er her !—his work is for the soul.

She's in a scene of Nature's war—
The winds and waters are at strife ;
And both, with her, contending for
The brittle thread of human life
That she contains ; while sail and shroud
Have yielded ; and her head has bowed !
Then who that slender thread shall keep,
But He whose finger heaves the deep ?

A moment—and the angry blast
Has done its work, and hurried on !
With broken cables, shivered mast ;
With riven sides, and anchor gone,
Behold the ship in ruin lie,
While from the waves a piercing cry

Surmounts the tumult high and wild,
And sounds to heaven, 'My child ! my child !'

The mother, in the whelming surge,
Lifts up her infant o'er the sea,
While lying on the awful verge
Where time unveils eternity—
And calls to Mercy, from the skies,
To come and rescue, while she dies,
The gift that, with her fleeting breath,
She offers from the gates of death !

It is a call for heaven to hear.
Maternal fondness sends above
A voice that in her Father's ear
Shall enter quick—for God is love.
In such a moment, hands like these,
Their Maker with their offering sees ;
And, for the faith of such a breast,
He will the blow of death arrest !

The moon looks pale from out the cloud,
While Mercy's angel takes the form
Of him, who, mounted on the shroud,
Was first to see the coming storm !
The sailor has a ready arm
To bear relief, and cope with harm !
Though rough his hand, and nerved with steel,
His heart is warm and quick to feel.

And see him, as he braves the frown
That sky and sea each other give !

Behold him, where he plunges down—

That child and mother yet may live—

To pluck them from a closing grave !

‘They’re saved ! they’re saved !’ the maddened
wave

Leaps, foaming, up, to find its prey

Snatched from its mouth and borne away !

‘They’re saved ! they’re saved !’ but where is he,

Who lulled his fearless babe to sleep ?

A floating plank on that wild sea,

Has now his vital spark to keep !

But, by the wan, affrighted moon,

Help comes to him, and he is soon

Upon the deck with living men,

To clasp that blooming boy again !

And now can He, who only knows

Each human breast, behold alone

That pure and grateful incense goes

From that sad wreck to his high throne.

The twain, whose hearts are truly one,

Will early teach their prattling son

Upon his little heart to bear

The sailor thus to God in prayer :

O, Thou, who in thy hand dost hold

The winds and waves that wake or sleep,

Thy tender arms of mercy fold

Around the seamen on the deep !

And when their voyage of life is o’er,

May they be welcomed to the shore

Whose peaceful streets with gold are paved,
And angels sing, 'They're saved ! they're
saved !'

THE USURPER.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

"Cross my hand, lady," said a tall, wild-looking man, as he gently seized the bridle of a spirited horse, on which was seated a beautiful girl, who might have seen some nineteen summers ; "and perhaps the gipsy may tell you something it may profit you to know."

The lady took from her girdle a purse, saying, as she offered it, "There is money, good man ; but I have no faith in your art,"—and beckoning a servant who rode a short distance behind her, prepared to proceed.

The gipsy still gently held the bridle, and while he proudly put aside the offered purse, said, "Daughter of another land ! ere that bright sun shall again cross the equator, strange things will befall thee. The rich lands of Ashfield will no longer call thee heir. Another scene awaits thee."

"Oh ! would," she exclaimed, as she dropped the reins, and raised her eyes to heaven ; "would to God I had never seen them, nor even left dear, sunny France." Then, as if ashamed of having betrayed her feelings, she added, "Allow me to proceed, good man. Of me and mine you can know nothing."

"Of you and yours, lady," said he, as his lip curled, and his keen eye was bent upon hers, "I know even more than you do. Methinks I see now the cha-

teau of Aubry ; the green lawn, where you played in childhood ; the fountain, near which you sat in riper years ; the dark-eyed stranger, who periled his life to save yours ; and the alcove, where you first listened to that stranger's tale of love."

"Oh, how, how know you this?" she exclaimed, while the blood crimsoned her cheek and brow, and, receding, left them pale as marble.

A faint smile played for an instant round the mouth of the gipsy, as he replied, "By the same power that I know you nursed him till he recovered from his injuries, and wept when your stern uncle, on learning that he was poor, bade him quit the chateau. And now, lady," he said, "enough of the past. Should you wish hereafter to hear of the future, yonder is our encampment," pointing, as he spoke, to a valley at a short distance, where stood two or three tents, such as are used by those wandering tribes. "Come there, and ask for Philip."

So saying, he relinquished the reins. The animal, finding itself at liberty, sprung forward ; and before Adele de Lacy recovered from her astonishment, she was half-way up the well-shaded avenue that led to Ashfield Hall.

Adele de Lacy was an orphan. Misfortune had early sought her acquaintance. In her fifteenth year she was deprived of her father, whose memory a sudden and awful death rendered doubly dear. The shock proved too much for the delicate frame of her mother, who lingered in sickness a few months, and was then laid at rest with the partner of her joys and sorrows. Poor Adele was thus left alone to buffet with

the storms of life, and learn, by sad experience, that wealth alone cannot confer happiness ; that Providence allots to the rich their heart-heavings and cares, as well as to the poor ; and that the sun of joy, though it beam brightly on us in life's morning, may, ere noon-tide, be overcast.

The management of Adele's affairs devolved upon her maternal uncle, Sir Ralph Wilmont, who proposed, as she was his heir, that she should leave the scene of her sorrows, journey with him to merry England, and take up her abode at Ashfield Hall.

It was a few days previous to their intended departure from her childhood's home, that a circumstance occurred which gave a new turn to Adele's thoughts, a new impulse to her feelings. Returning one day from her usual ride, her horse took fright at the report of a gun. Her good horsemanship availed nothing. On flew the animal in wild career ; and Adele would undoubtedly have been dashed to pieces, had not a gentleman seized the reins, and, at the peril of his life, stopped the horse ; but not before he had been dragged a considerable distance, when other aid came, and Adele, more dead than alive, alighted. The stranger lay senseless on the ground, still holding, as with a dying grasp, the reins in his hand. He was borne to the chateau. Sir Ralph was all gratitude to him, who, under heaven, had been the means of preserving his beloved niece, for whom he felt paternal fondness.

It was many weeks before the stranger was able to leave his room. Adele nursed him with a sister's care ; nor dreamed, as she held the cup to his parch-

ed lips with the hand of friendship, that love was stealing in to mar her peace. Yet so it was. She loved the nameless stranger. But Sir Ralph, unmindful of the obligation he was under to the deliverer of Adele, drove him like a menial from the chateau, and in a few weeks embarked for England.

I need not say Adele was an unwilling sojourner at Ashfield Hall. The beauty of the place had for her no charms. Her heart pined for the dear scenes she had left ; and though the beacon-light of hope might sometimes glimmer from afar, the dark cloud of doubt would as often dim its ray, and leave her to darkness and despair.

Sir Ralph had been in possession of Ashfield some seventeen years. Sir Matthew Errington, the former owner, had been the intimate friend of Sir Ralph's father. He had only one son, whom he had disowned for marrying against his will, and had left, with his wife and infant son, to misery and want. Sir Matthew died, leaving Ashfield to Sir Ralph and his heirs forever.

Sir Ralph was not well liked by his tenantry : more doffed the hat to him in fear than in reverence. Adele was the only being on earth who cared if he died or lived ; and though he had withered her heart's first hope, he was the only being on earth to whom she could cling. It was with sincere grief, then, that she saw his health daily decline. He had been for some time confined to his room. His disease baffled the skill of his physician, and left poor Adele the withering certainty that she would at no distant date be left alone.

Deep was her anguish when, on reaching the Hall,

she learned that Sir Ralph was much worse. Her solicitude for her uncle, whom she sincerely loved, prevented her mind from dwelling on her strange adventure with the gipsy. As she sat sobbing by his side, she lived again, in memory, over the dark hour of sorrow when her parents died. About day-dawn he became delirious; raved incoherently of France, of papers left at the chateau which ought to have been destroyed!—then of his niece; and prayed he might die before she should know his guilt. Thus he continued for three days. The third night he fell into a quiet slumber; and Adele, worn out with watching, sunk to sleep in her chair.

She dreamt of France, dear France. Again the joys of her infant years were hers: she saw the eyes beam on her that she could never but in dreams see more: again she heard a loved voice whisper in her ear, and she was blessed: then came the parting scene—the agony of feeling roused her from her slumber, and, casting her eyes toward her uncle, she saw bending over him the tall form of the gipsy. She started to her feet with the intention of calling for help; but he, as if aware of her intent, placed his finger on his lip in token of silence, and turning to a window which opened on a balcony, and by which he had evidently entered, beckoned her to follow. Adele hesitated for a moment; then recollecting he had spoken of one she loved, she advanced to the spot where he stood, with a firm step. He seemed pleased with her confidence; for he half extended his hand, then suddenly withdrawing it, as if ashamed of his daring, he said, in whispered tones,

"Lady, from me you have nought to fear. I would defend you from evil at the peril of my life ; *why*, you will know hereafter. I love to linger around this spot. You may often meet me within its precincts ; but, at whatever hour, in whatever place, do not fear me. Did you know how much for your sake I forbear, you would have no fear of Philip."

Waving his hand in token of adieu, he bounded over the balcony, a feat a much younger man might have been proud to achieve, and pressing his hand to his lips to enjoin silence, he turned away.

The moon shone full on his fine, tall form, as he crossed the lawn in the direction of the vale he had before pointed out to Adele ; while she, overwhelmed with astonishment, again entered the chamber to think over the strange scene, which appeared to her more like romance than reality. She approached her uncle—he still slept—and looking round the room, saw everything in the same order as when she closed her eyes in sleep. There stood his dressing-case, richly inlaid with gold, with all the various expensive articles of luxury known but to the toilet of the wealthy.

"He cannot come to plunder," whispered Adele ; "and yet I have often heard that those wandering people inherit such propensities." Then, ashamed of her suspicions, as she remembered his noble bearing, "And yet," she muttered, "what else could have brought him here ?"

Day dawned, and still Sir Ralph slept. About noon he awoke to consciousness ; and Adele wept with unfeigned delight when she heard him pronounce her name. The physician told her he had now hopes of

his recovery, if kept perfectly still. As Sir Ralph recovered, Adele watched him with unwearied patience. He was no longer as he had been : he was irritable ; seemed afraid to be left alone : his eye constantly wandered to the portrait of Sir Matthew, which hung in the room.

At his request, Adele occupied a small dressing-room adjoining his apartment. About an hour after midnight, she was awoke by deep groans issuing from the apartment of her uncle ; and throwing on her dressing-gown, entered to learn the cause. The taper was still burning on a table in the center of the room ; a few embers were still glowing on the hearth ; all seemed as usual. But the inmate of that large room, he sat upright in the bed, his eyes starting from their sockets ; large drops of perspiration standing on his forehead ; while his face wore the hue of death, and his hand, like that of a statue, pointed to the picture of Sir Matthew.

Adele's eye sought the spot, but her surprise and terror were scarcely less than Sir Ralph's, on beholding—not the portrait of Sir Matthew—but that of Philip, the gipsy, in its place. Strong indeed was the resemblance between the dead and the living, in all but dress. Sir Ralph uttered a sharp cry, and sunk fainting on his pillow. Adele flew to his assistance ; and when, after a brief interval, his eye again sought the panel, all was as before the change : there was the portrait of Sir Matthew, in his bag-wig, his suit of brown velvet, with the rich Brussels cravat falling over his embroidered waistcoat. She stepped to the panel, examined it, and found it firm in its place. She

now felt inclined to believe the past scene was but the effect of fancy, till drawn by the feeble voice of her uncle to his side.

"They haunt me in my day-dreams, and mar my nights' repose. Listen to me, Adele. My spirit can no longer struggle with the secret of my guilt. Do not scorn my memory. Ah!" he exclaimed, "let no one imagine that he can commit crime and lull his conscience to eternal rest. The simple floweret that, as I have crossed the lawn, was trod beneath my feet, awoke the 'small still voice' as it reared again its head to tell me of my crimes. Come near to me, Adele. Promise not to speak harshly of me; and oh! if possible, do not think hardly of me."

"Never, dear uncle," said the distressed girl, "will I speak ill of you. You are the brother of my dear parent now in Heaven. She may be watching over us; and never shall her pure spirit know—if spirits are indeed permitted to know aught of those they love in this world of ours—that her child spoke an evil word, or harbored an evil thought, of one who was so dear to her. To me you have almost invariably been kind."

"You say 'almost,' Adele. I remember well why you use the word. Poor girl! I crushed the first bud of affection that grew in your young heart; and you will soon know why. It was not that the youth was poor; oh, no—not that; but that his look withered me, he so strongly resembled one who saved me from destruction in my youth, cherished me in after years, and thought me all he wished me. But I had learned the wiles of the serpent. I wound myself into his con-

fidence, but to deceive him. He died without knowing it, and blessed me with his last breath as his true friend. Since that time, I have nightly pressed a pillow of thorns; and all for love of gold, gold that I squandered in my youth like chaff thrown before the harvest wind. My early extravagance ruined my father, and greatly impaired the fortune of your mother; but your noble father heeded not that. The world pointed to me as a prodigal: all shunned me but one friend and your dear mother. I was goaded, mortified. A horror of being poor—of being the scorn of my fellow men, many of whom had helped me to squander—to be the object of pity to some, of contempt to others—was more than my proud spirit and weak principles could endure. I determined at all risks to have an inheritance. I knew but one way to gain it. I, by artful conduct, obtained the confidence of my friend, the only friend who smiled on me in adversity. I betrayed that confidence! One, who aided me in the dark deed, for years hung on me like an incubus. I bribed him to go abroad; and thought, then, that peace might again be mine. Alas, vain hope!—Peace spreads not her downy pinions o’er the wicked. To be brief, the lands of Ashfield I gained by fraud!”

“Oh, dear uncle,” cried Adele, “do not talk of dying. I am in a strange country. The seclusion in which we have lived has given me few opportunities of making friends. If you die, I shall be left alone; and oh! there is something so fearful in being alone in the world, with no friend to soothe or counsel me, that my heart sinks at the thought.”

“Do not fear, Adele,” replied the sick man, “you

can look where I dare not cast my eyes. Your heart is pure ; and the sacred halo of virtuous principles encircles you. But I—I have a tale to tell which will make you shrink from me in horror ; and it must be told. Some power I never felt before impels me to disclose past deeds, even though it stamp my memory with infamy.

“ Adele, the former owner of this estate, the original of that picture, had but one son, one on whom his hopes rested. He had in his own mind formed for his son an alliance with the daughter of an old friend. The youth had been abroad three years ; and Sir Matthew joyed in the prospect of his return, that he might see him married to the lady he had chosen for him. He came : but on his father’s making known to him his intention, the son confessed that he was already a husband and a father ; that he had married, previous to his leaving England, a poor but virtuous girl, one whose young heart he had won while at college. The father was frantic with rage ; for his mind had long been bent on calling one daughter who well would have deserved the title. That lady, Adele, was your mother : hence his kindness to me. He bade his son forever quit his sight. In vain did the youth plead, in vain entreat, that Sir Matthew would but see his grandchild. He was inexorable, and drove his son a beggar forever from his sight.

“ Six years passed on : I basked in the sunshine of pleasure. The world of fashion owned me its leader ; the world of vice, its votary. Returning one night from Almack’s with your mother, as we stepped into the carriage, a man, wrapped in a tattered cloak, his

hat drawn over his eyes, extended his hand, saying,—

“‘Charity, for the sake of Heaven.’

“‘To your mother it was an irresistible appeal. I would have knocked him down, but she checked me, and handing him her purse, she said,

“‘I wish it were more. When man asks charity of woman, his need must be great.’

“‘It is great,’ he replied ; ‘you can never know how great. May the Almighty bless you, forever bless you. You have saved from death, the most dreadful death, that of hunger, those who are dearer to me than life.’

“‘Where can I find you?’ she asked, with faltering voice.

“‘The man hesitated a moment, then said, ‘Ten — Street, Soho.’

“‘That carriage blocks the way!’—a cry before unheeded—together with the restiveness of the horses, and clamor which usually attends a return from a public place, forbade more : the door was closed, and soon we reached Berkley Square, leaving the noise of the busy throng far behind. During our ride home your mother uttered not a word. As we entered the hall she laid her hand on my arm :

“‘Ralph,’ said she, ‘if you have no engagement for two o’clock, reserve an hour for me. You must go with me to Soho. I must see more of that poor man.’

“‘And do you really expect to find him, you simple girl?’ I asked. ‘Why, it is the cant of the whole begging tribe—a hacknied tale.’

“‘No! no! Ralph,’ she replied ; ‘there was truth in the accents of that man, or I will forfeit my life.’

“‘Then make your will, Mary,’ I said, while I laughed aloud, ‘for you are certainly dead, to all intents and purposes.’”

“‘Will you devote an hour to me, brother, as I desire?’”

“‘Undoubtedly,’ I replied, ‘if but to show you the world is not what it seems.’”

“I kept my word; and before three we arrived at —— Street. There was the house—at least, such a number. But now another difficulty occurred: for whom were we to ask? A number of dirty children were playing round the door, from whom we gathered that a great number of families lived there. On our describing a tall man who wore a cloak—

“‘Oh,’ said one, ‘it is the proud man in the four-pair back room.’”

“With this information we endeavored to find our way up the dark, dirty stair-case, you mother saying to me reproachfully,

“‘Did I not tell you, Ralph?’”

“As the rickety boards cracked beneath our feet, we arrived at the door the children had described.—After knocking softly and receiving no answer, we opened the door. Never shall I forget the sight that met our view. On a pallet of straw, in one corner, lay a female. She slept, but it seemed the sleep of death, so wan was her cheek. Her left hand lay upon the ragged covering of the miserable bed; and upon the wedding finger was a small gold ring. At the foot of the bed reclined a beautiful boy of some eight or nine years of age. His hair fell in glossy ringlets over a forehead white as snow; he was pale, not, it

seemed, from sickness, but from want. In his right hand, and nigh to his mouth, he held a crust of bread ; and seemed to sleep in very thankfulness that he had had enough, and to spare. In another corner, on a broken table, was a coffin, which, on approaching it, we found contained a dead infant. While we gazed in mute astonishment on the scene of misery, we heard footsteps ascend the stairs, and presently the tall stranger of the previous evening stood before us. He bowed a recognition, on entering the miserable abode, as only nature's gentleman can bow ; and approaching the window, threw aside the cloak and hat, and revealed to our astonished view the pale features of Philip Errington ! Your mother flew to him, and throwing her arms around him—they had been playmates in childhood—wept bitterly as she exclaimed,

“ ‘Oh, Philip ! Philip ! how could you suffer thus without applying to me ?’

“ ‘I did apply to you, Mary,’ he replied ; ‘you are the first from whom I have received charity. I could not believe that any in this great city could die of want till I saw my infant perish. Oh, Mary ! Mary !’ he said, while he covered his face and wept in agony, ‘you know not how dear to my crushed heart the two dear beings are that fate has left me. I have endured—but human tongue can never tell how much I have endured ! And my gentle Emma, my unrepining wife, who, ’mid the misery that ever attends poverty, never murmured, but still smiled on me, till want, pinching want, came ; then, when our babes cried for bread, she smiled no more. But you have saved us, Mary. Were you never through life to do another

good act, this one deed will win you Heaven's bright heritage.'

"I know not why it was, Adele, but at that moment, when the heart of any other human being would have been awed into sympathy, I, fiend as I was, conceived a boundless hatred for the broken-hearted man who stood before me. Even then, the thought ran like a meteor through my brain that I might be his father's heir. Not so your angel mother; she wept in agony, and kneeling by the pallet of straw, pressed her lips to the pale forehead of her who slept there unconscious of all around her. At this moment the boy awoke; and as his large dark eyes met mine, I felt a thrill run through my frame I never felt before. He approached his father, and seeing the tears roll down his cheeks, took his hand and kissed it, saying, as he looked in his face,

" 'Do not weep, father: I am not hungry now, indeed, indeed I am not. Oh, do not cry, and Philip will be a good boy, and——See, father, mother stirs; she will be better soon, and we shall be so happy.'

" 'Hush, Philip! hush! Your mother sleeps: do not disturb her.'

" 'But she will wake again, father; her eyes will open, and look upon her poor little Philip, as she used to look: will they not, dear father?'

" 'Oh, yes, Philip: I trust in God she will be spared to us.' And he pressed the boy to his heart. 'Sit down on the bed, my boy, and watch your mother's waking.'

"The child sat down, and leaning his head on his hand, obeyed the request. We now heard a heavy

foot upon the stairs, and a man entered : it was to bear away the coffin. The heart-broken father gazed a moment on the face of his departed infant, beckoned the boy to his side, then held him up to take a last look, ere the corpse was consigned to its kindred dust. The lid was closed ; the man took the coffin ; the wretched father threw round him his cloak, pulled his hat over his eyes, and wringing, as he passed, your mother's hand, without speaking, followed the bearer of the coffin.

“ ‘Ralph,’ said your mother, after a moment's thought, as we passed through Featherston's Buildings, ‘to-day I saw on a window ‘furnished apartments.’ I think it is the house of a Mrs. Patterson. If so, she is the widow of an officer, and a person of kind feelings. I have been of service to her on more accounts than one. Go, Ralph, and engage her lodgings ; then return quickly with a carriage ; for never will I enter my own home, till I have procured for those poor sufferers comfort. I will remain here till you return.’

“I knew too well your mother's disposition to attempt to oppose her. I obeyed the request, to my shame let me add, unwillingly. I for some time had drawn heavily on her purse, and I looked upon every guinea she spent as so much taken from my pleasures. I engaged the lodgings, procured a carriage, and, on my return, found your mother had all ready for the removal of the unfortunates.

“We now only waited the return of Philip. The invalid was already dressed, or rather wrapped in the ragged covering of the bed, over which your mother

had fastened her own cloak, and, as I entered, like an angel of mercy was bending over her, supporting her head on her bosom. I have seen your mother, Adele, in the full blaze of beauty, the pride of the crowded halls of fashion ; I saw her when she was led to the altar, the blushing, happy bride of the chosen of her heart : but never did I see her look so lovely as when bending over that sick and sorrowing wife and mother. Yet, though I loved my sister for the feeling, I hated those on whom she conferred the favor. To be brief, another hour saw them comfortably settled in their new abode, and your mother's eye sparkled with joy as she pressed her lips to the cheek of the pale boy, and promised to see them on the morrow.

“ ‘Now, brother,’ she said, as we returned home, ‘I will not sleep till I see Sir Matthew Errington. He shall forgive poor Philip, and receive his wife and child.’ ”

“I prevailed on your mother to leave that to me. On inquiring at the residence of Sir Matthew, I learned he had left town for Ashfield Hall. Thither, at the request of your mother, I followed, and found him sick in mind and body. I know not what demon possessed me, but I was seized with an insatiable desire to own the broad lands around me. There were but two ways : the one was by reviling the son to disgust the father still further with him, and so play upon the feelings of the weak old man as to induce him to make me his heir : the other was to find a lawyer who would become my tool, and thus gain my point. I chose the latter, and soon found a man to suit my purpose. I returned to town, informed your mother that my ap-

plication had been fruitless, but that I would return, and not leave him till I had gained my point.

“On my return to Ashfield Hall, I found Sir Matthew much worse: he was now unable to leave his room. His heart softened toward his son; he expressed contrition for his past harshness, and earnestly entreated that I would find him. I feigned to enter into his feelings; pretended to write to numerous friends, requesting them to make diligent inquiry; and, in fact, induced Sir Matthew, who continued daily to grow worse, to believe that I was the true friend of that son I was endeavoring to ruin. I suggested to the kind old man to make his will, and so prove to his son that he had his entire forgiveness. He approved my plan. The man of law was sent for: he came; and brought with him a will, wherein I was named the sole heir to these estates, in consequence of Philip's disobedience, binding me, by the said will, never to aid him or his family. He then sat down, with unmoved countenance, wrote from Sir Matthew's dictation a second will, bequeathing all his possessions to his son, with his blessing and forgiveness. Need I add, the papers were changed: the butler was called to witness the signature: the lawyer placed the false will beneath the trembling hand of the dying man, unmoved;—but I, I lived, in that moment, an age of horrors!

“The will was signed; and on the following day Sir Matthew breathed his last: his spirit took flight to that bright land of bliss which I can never enter. Oh, Adele, I feel the gates of mercy are closed forever against me. I dare not stand in the presence of that God whose power I have impiously dared to question.

"My ill-gained wealth has been to me a curse. I have envied the humble peasant as he passed me to his daily toil, and shrunk from his honest glance as if he knew my guilt. Hence my frequent visits to France: they took me from the scene of my crime: here every thing reproaches me. The spirit of the deceased Sir Matthew will confront me at the bar of Heaven, as his portrait seems to frown on me now. At times it changes strangely. Oft at the still hour of midnight I wake and find in its place the sorrow-worn countenance of Philip Errington: yet I have no power to change to another room; here I seem spell-bound. On this bed Sir Matthew breathed his last: here, too, I must soon breathe mine."

At this moment his face assumed a livid hue, and he uttered a deep groan, and pointed to the foot of the bed. Adele looked, and saw, with mingled fear and surprise, Philip the gipsy, with folded arms, standing half hid by the folds of the drapery. As Sir Ralph sunk back, Adele seemed to borrow courage from her situation, and turning to the gipsy, she said:

"I know not why you thus unseasonably intrude upon us. My uncle is sick, and ill able to bear the intrusion of a stranger."

"Lady," he replied, "I am no stranger."

At the sound of his voice Sir Ralph started from his pillow. "It is his voice," he said, as he gasped for breath, "the never forgotten voice of Philip Errington. Oh," he added, "if you indeed stand before me a living man, let me repair the evil I have done, by restoring to you your just rights."

A dark frown gathered on the gipsy's brow, and he

replied in a voice of deep emotion: "Philip Errington does stand before you, but you can never restore to him that of which you have deprived him. While you revelled in the comforts of my home, I was an outcast, a wanderer in a foreign land, with not a hand to aid, nor friendly voice to cheer me. Man! man! It would seem cowardice to recount the tale of my sufferings and sorrows. Through your cruelty, the wife of my bosom sunk to an early grave; my son grew to manhood under the withering breath of poverty: yet have I never cursed you. I left my cause to that God whose unerring wisdom is our surest guide. Since the wretched Mowbray, the partner of your guilt, disclosed on his death-bed,—to which chance led me,—the share he had in the vile deed that deprived me of my heritage, I have dogged your steps, assured a day of retribution would arrive, even here. It has arrived; and though the grave cannot give up the dead, nor the bright and joyous days of youth again be mine, yet, for my son's sake, I bend in thankfulness to that Power who, in his own good way, ever proves to us that his way is best. The evening of my life may yet glide calmly on. Adversity has taught me many a useful lesson and misery made me herd with strange associates; but the Power I have trusted in has guarded me from crime. I followed you from France; and, had it not been for this gentle girl, you would, before this time, have felt my vengeance: but her mother's angel spirit beamed in her mild blue eye, and led me back to boyhood's happy days, when the heart of neither had known a sorrow. It led me back, too, to that dark time when those I loved were perishing with want; when she,

like an angel of mercy, came to save and cheer us. I thought of this, and, for that mother's sake, spared the protector of her child."

Sir Ralph remained, while Philip Errington spoke, spell-bound. As he ceased speaking, the face of Sir Ralph assumed a ghastly hue. Raising his trembling hands he exclaimed: "Pardon! Pardon!" and sunk back, to all appearance, dead. Adele shrieked, and sunk senseless on the floor.

When animation returned, another had been added to the group. When she opened her eyes, she was in the arms of her dark-eyed nameless lover, he for whom her young heart had pined, and with whom she would willingly have shared the poverty which he told her was his only birth-right. Before she could collect her bewildered senses, midst the unhopèd for bliss and mingled wo of the scene, she was roused by Sir Ralph feebly pronouncing her name.

"Adele," he said, as she bent over him, "Adele, I am going to that far-off spirit land, from whence none has even returned to tell its secrets; but," he added faintly, "while I tarry, let me repair, so far as I can, the past. In the ebon cabinet in the library at the chateau, in a small tin case, is the unsigned will of Sir Matthew Errington."

"Like this!" said Philip, as he held up a small tin case.

The wretched man gasped for breath: "How? where? where?"—he said.

"It is soon explained," said Philip. "For that will, which Mowbray told me was there, my son hovered round the chateau. To that will, your niece is in-

debted for her life. He brought it with him when you turned him from your door."

"Oh, Providence! How unfathomable are thy ways," exclaimed the dying man. "Come hither, Adele. Pray for me; plead for me to that God whose commandments I have trampled upon, and whose laws I have despised: plead to that deeply injured man to grant me pardon here."

Adele looked beseechingly at Philip, who advanced, and taking the cold, damp hand of the wretched man in his, "May Heaven," he said, with a voice of deep feeling, "pardon and forgive you, as I do."

A faint smile played round the mouth of Sir Ralph, as he gave a look of gratitude to Philip and beckoned the younger Errington and Adele to his side. Making a last effort, taking a hand of each and joining them, he said: "Be happy—be warned by me—there is but one way—be virtuous." As he uttered the last word, Death threw his dark mantle over him: a contortion of the face, a groan, a convulsive shudder, and the usurper of another's rights was no more!

THE MAID OF ROCKLAND LAKE

A BALLAD.

BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER

WHERE Rockland's peaceful waters lie
Upon their granite bed,
There lived a maid, in days gone by,
Who now is with the dead.

Ah! better be among the dead,
If her sad tale be sooth
Of heart made bleak, pure reason fled,
With the crushed hopes of youth.

I saw her on a chilly night ;
Amid the winter's breath
She wandered in the Moon's cold light,
Pale as the cheek of Death.

The north wind whistled drear and chill,
And she was thinly clad,
Yet wandered she, o'er vale and hill,
And sang in accents sad.

The song was of the absent dead,
And it would wildly roam



About some dark and cruel deed,
That drove her from her home.

Now, she was once most wond'rous fair ;
They told me this who knew :
Dark as the night her flowing hair,
Her eye a heavenly blue :

Her form was such as limners seek,
She moved with sylph-like grace,
The rose-leaf blushed upon her cheek,
And heaven was in her face :

Like him whose work of doing good
Was constant, day and night,
She gave unto the hungry, food ;
To sorrowing ones, delight.

Now, she had loved a gentle youth,
But he was very poor,
And so her father's anger sooth
Drove Bertram from his door !

It drove him from his home away,
Though he was good and brave ;
He went, but ere another day,
Had found a watery grave.

Oh, bitter tears this maiden shed,
Forced from her love to part ;
But when they told her he was dead.
It broke her loving heart.

And this was she, the maiden fair,
With spirit mild and sweet ;
But pale her cheek, and white her hair,
As snow-fall at her feet.

They strove to keep her at her home,
But oft she broke away,
Among the snow-bleak hills to roam,
Where her poor Bertram lay.

Her father wept, but wept in vain,
For she was crazed and wild :
Nor could his tears, though poured like rain,
Restore his only child.

“Oh, Christ,” he cried, full oft and sore,
An agonizing prayer,
“Pity my sorrow, and restore
My darling from despair !”

In sooth it was a fearful sight—
That aged man and gray,
Bowed down with sorrow every night,
Lamenting day by day.

Could tears restore the word, unsaid,
That broke her heart in twain,
Could prayers recall to life the dead,
His had not been in vain.

But, ah ' repentance came too late,
Too late that father's prayer :

He 'd forced a good man from his gate,
His daughter to despair.

Now she had come to Bertram's grave;
And falling on the mound,
She called to him, the good and brave,
There pillowed in the ground—

Then brushed the snow from off the earth
With her white tiny hand,
And laughed with strange and startling mirth,
As gathering up the sand,

She placed it near her heart—"Oh, why,"
She shrieked, "sweet father, say,
Should Bertram, my own Bertram, die?
Why drive him thus away?"

Then suddenly, with fixed stare,
She cried, "Ah, Bertram dear!"
And wildly clasped the empty air,
"I thought to find thee here!"

"Now sit thee down, and I will sing
The song thou lovest so well:"
She sang—while at her feet, poor thing,
The frozen tear-drops fell.

"Though cruel fate divide us still,
And from each other far we're driven,
Yet this sweet thought our heart shall fill:
We meet again in heaven.

“ Though hopes, so sweet, must fade away,
As rainbows’ mingling tints are riven,
We yet shall blend in love’s pure ray,
And never part, in heaven.

“ Though here they drive us from our love,
And pluck away our star of even,
They cannot rend our hearts above,
For all is peace in heaven.”

DIFFICULTIES IN THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D.

THE extent of God's plans, as well as their greatness, utterly baffles us. An event, of which we think we can see the connection and part of the reasons, for one of our little days, may have its consequences and its explanation stretching off thousands of years hence. And some things, of which we can give absolutely no account, may have a solution so simple, that its very simplicity, in connection with our own pride and prejudice, confounds us. What we know we know but in part, and it must be so as long as we are in the world, and even in regard to the clearest movements in God's providence. It has been so in all ages.

We may begin with the history of God's chosen people, and the very first of the religious ordinances appointed for their observance, the Passover. It was to constitute their religion for more than a thousand years. And yet, the full meaning of that sacred rite, how few, if any, could have understood. Even Moses himself did not perfectly comprehend it. It was only the prefiguring of the great Sacrifice upon the Cross, and the minds even of believers must have earnestly desired an elucidation, which they never enjoyed, and of which, in the nature of the case, they were not capable. It was impossible, at the foundation of

the temple of grace, to know how the building would look, how it would rise to heaven, and fill the universe with its glory, when the key-stone of its magnificent arch was brought home, with shoutings of Grace, Grace, unto it. Just so it was with the Brazen Serpent, and other prefiguring rites and symbols. An ante-type can never supply the place of the reality; if so, then were there no need of any other instructor.

Our intrinsic ignorance is also as great an obstacle in the way of a perfect understanding of God's plan, as its own intrinsic greatness. We know very little even of God's material works; much less of God's providence. To understand the mere crust of the earth, the outside shell of our terrestrial habitation, requires a life-time of profound study and reflection. To know how a blade of grass grows, or a sunbeam shines, or what mysterious power it is that streaks the heavens with those mild flashes of light, that God's pencil draws across the stars from the north, if it does not transcend our faculties, is beyond our present attainments. To gain a knowledge of the mere natural machinery of the system of physical worlds around us, or a mastery of the elements of mathematical science, or a profound acquaintance with any part of natural philosophy, requires a life-time, even for a mind like Newton's. How, then, can we expect to master what is so much higher out of our reach, the great plans of God, and his providential dispensations in fulfilling them. How can we expect but that, after all our study, there will be very much that is in darkness, and totally inscrutable.

But, more than all this, our vision is not clear. We

have a moral defect and distortion. There is prejudice and sin in the way, and through such an atmosphere, with such imperfection of vision, we can see scarcely anything as it is. This is the case, just in proportion as self is in the way. A fly between the glasses of the telescope covers half the orb of day ; so may the smallest self-interest shut out the grandest truth. We often view God's plans and God's work in just the wrong direction, beholding it like the wrong side of a piece of tapestry, full of odds and ends. Indeed there are two sides to God's dispensations, which are very different ; the side toward us, and the side toward eternity. On the side toward eternity every thing is bright and glorious ; all is perfect, as far as it is finished ; God's Wisdom, Mercy, and Love, in clear display ; good brought out of evil, and light out of darkness ; afflictions explained, and trials turned into blessings ; the wrath of man made to praise God, and his justice, wherever called in question, vindicated. On the side toward us, are the unfinished materials, the loops, and knots, and twisted skeins, as it were, hanging in confusion ; human passions conflicting and raging ; sin and cruelty and misery prevailing ; and apparently the whole ground-work of the picture an inexplicable chaos. Were it not that God shows us the key to this riddle in his Word, revealing to us there a reflection of that glorious sight, which his dispensation from toward eternity, we should in truth be left in profound darkness and mistake.

This, then, teaches us, in the most striking manner, the infinite value of God's Word, and the importance of its habitual, prayerful study. There God has con-

descended to reveal himself in the face of Jesus Christ, and there we may rise to a knowledge of him and of his plans, which, however small it be, in comparison with the light that is to be poured around us in Eternity, is enough to fill the soul with blessedness. It is enough to quiet all our anxieties, and to make us realize, in some measure, the preciousness of the promise, that all things shall work together for good to them that love God.

Indeed, we study the Word so little, that we never fairly make the experiment how much we may know of Him and of his plans through its medium. It is wonderful that into this one volume even the most contracted and transitory sketch of the attributes and plans of the Almighty can have been crowded. Principles and purposes are there, and the gems of things apparently in such minute compacture as to baffle all our curiosity, and yet in such capacity of infinite expansion, that when the soul in communion with God enters among them, they enlarge and rise, expand and swell, from Time into Eternity, from what is partial and fragmentary into what is universal and complete, and constitute an infinite reach and circumference of spiritual scenery, where the heart wanders on, entranced and enraptured amid vistas of glory, beneath the trees and beside the rivers of the Paradise of Life, that are absolutely interminable. Here let the soul rest, and here let it wander up and down, and study and meditate and pray, in preparation for the hour when that which in part shall be done away, and that which is perfect established ; when we shall no more see as through a glass darkly, but face to face ; no more learn in part, but know even as we are known.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HARRIET NEWELL

BY REV. T. H. GALLAUDET.

WHEN heroes die, the sons of song
Bend tearful o'er their hearse,
And love their memories to prolong,
Embalmed in lofty verse.

When heroes die, the sculptor's skill
Adorns their trophied urn,
And bids succeeding ages still
Their mighty emprise learn.

Vain strife ! devouring Time to cheat
Of what he claims his prey ;
His tooth the sculptur'd urn shall eat,
His hand blot out the lay.

Departed saint ! whose virgin-star,
Though short its bright career,
Outshone, with steady lustre, far
The hero's dazzling sphere.

We grieve not that no poet tells,
In lofty rhyme, thy worth ;
Nor that no sculptur'd marble swells
In splendor o'er thy earth.

Far sweeter shall thy praises be,
Than in the poet's verse,
When Eastern dames thy memory
Shall to their babes rehearse ;

And bless the generous love that led
Thee 'cross the mighty wave,
'Mid them the cheering news to spread,
Of Jesus' power to save.

And when some virgin convert finds
The spot where thou art laid,
And round thy humble tomb-stone binds
A modest, flowery braid ;

Whose fragrance to the hallowed place
Sweet odors shall impart,
'Twill more thy fond remembrance grace
Than all the sculptor's art.

S T. M U I R.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY ELIZA VAN HORNE ELLIS.

THE sun lingered in his departure to touch with golden rays the wintry landscape, and light up with a momentary splendor the scene that would soon be clothed in darkness. The noble Hudson now lay motionless beneath an incubus of ice, and the towering heights that rose on each side were partially covered with snow : on the highest peak glowed the rays of the sun, decking its bleak sides in seeming array of fairy turrets and pellucid temples : the trees were covered with frost, and from their leafless branches hung myriads of icicles, that reflected a thousand rainbow hues, and as the wind waved them to and fro, they looked like an elfin-dance amid their crystalline bowers.

Encompassed by the imposing mountain-shade, ran a broad plain or table-land, upon which was reared a stately mansion—the lawn sloped gradually to the edge of a precipice that overhung the river. Majestic trees that had reared their proud heads (like guardians from the seasons' varied visits) for centuries, stood around the house. Toward the southern part ran a garden, now decked in winter's livery ; but the conservatory

that joined the house at that side, bade defiance to the cold, unsocial season, as within its glasses bloomed the pride of many climes, cheering the heart with their luxuriant beauty, while all nature was dying without.

In one of the rooms of the mansion, commanding a view of the river and setting sun, sat an aged female, dressed in sable garments, her features sharp, and the eyes deeply sunken ; over the countenance beamed an expression of great sadness, mingled with much sweetness and resignation. She gazed with fond admiration upon the face of a young girl who sat at her feet, and whose head rested upon her knee. A book had fallen unconsciously from her hand as her arm hung listlessly by her side. Cheerfulness, blended with comfort and refinement pervaded the apartment, as well as the house. A bright fire glowed upon the hearth ; heavy damask curtains (though of antique pattern) excluded the wintry winds. A beautiful cabinet for books stood in one side of the chimney place, while a large grand piano occupied the other. Upon the hearth-rug reposed a Newfoundland dog, a faithful companion of the ladies, especially the younger, as he had "grown with her growth," and his watchful eye was ever upon her, while a deep low growl, with a display of a formidable set of weapons, warned the intruder of an untimely approach.

After shading for some time the dark chesnut tresses that reposed in rich undulating masses upon the brow of her young companion, and watching the shadows of thought as they flitted over that expressive countenance, the elder lady at length said,

"Well, my child, suppose you unburden that little brain, and reveal the passing thought. Come, love, tell me, what castle of fancy have you built upon yonder snow-capped mountain?"

"Ah, dear grandmama, you are always jesting about my fairy dreams; but *this time* my thoughts were wandering far away to the gay metropolis. I was thinking of my mother, my poor mother. Oh! that she would permit me to watch over her drooping frame, and soothe her increasing illness."

As she concluded, she raised her tearful eyes to her companion's face, and observing the sad expression upon the revered countenance, she flung her arms around her neck, and in a tone of deep feeling, cried,

"Why so sad? Do you think, even for a moment, in my castle-building, I ever separate from your side? You little know the heart of your Gertrude. But it would be so delightful to be with mama; for, beside you, I have but her to love, you know, and Milo too. How few!" she sighed, deeply.

The old lady smiled as she looked upon the lovely face that reclined upon her bosom. The smile was saddened as she heard her enumerate how *few* she had to love.

"Ah! Gertrude, you little dream how rich in love is the possessor that can rely upon *three true* hearts; for, my child, *my* love is centered in one." And she kissed the young girl fervently.

"Oh, yes, grandma, I have heard and read of that *one* love—that all-absorbing feeling of the heart—the concentration of every emotion into one. But that is

not the love you bear for me : it is a more definite feeling !”

“My love for you, Gertrude, emanates from the source of by-gone hopes, as well as for your dear self. This heart, that now holds but your image, cherished once the warm feelings of a devoted wife, and the affections of a happy, happy mother. But I have lived to feel fibre after fibre torn from my heart, my dreams of happiness pass into the reality of sorrow and disappointment. But I bow submissively to the Divine will, and feel the conviction within, that when I shall throw off this mortal coil, (which must be ere long,) I shall be re-united to husband and children. That hope will cheer my way to the invisible world.”

“May the love and devotion of your Gertrude soothe your pathway through life. But sometimes my spirits are so wild, that I shock your gentle nature ; but one look from those dark, sad eyes, will always bring the heedless one to your side.”

“Be ever thus, my love ; restrain not the exuberance of an innocent and guileless breast ; for, believe me, the cold waters of adversity and sorrow soon rush over our young hearts and sweep away our happy feelings. Look not so sad, Gertrude ; but as you reflect upon the future, remember—clouds will darken the bright coloring of life.”

“Think you, dear grandmama, that we should always be anticipating coming evils, and thus sadden the spring-time of life ?”

“Nay, my child ; mistake me not. To be fancying evil in every blast that meets the ear, or a storm in every cloud ; or to be constantly dwelling upon

gloom, is wrong. It is doubting the capability of the Power, that we daily cast ourselves upon for protection. But through life we must endeavor to temper our feelings, while in the enjoyment of happiness, so as to meet with cheerfulness the reverses that may be our destiny here."

"May you long live to be a guide to your Gertrude, for something whispers *here* that I shall not always be as happy as I am now."

Thus spoke Gertrude Lemour, the orphan daughter of George Lemour. At the age of twenty-one, he eloped from boarding-school with a young girl of great beauty and wealth ; but heedless and capricious, a devotee to the shrine of pleasure. Too soon did the husband awaken to the conviction that domestic happiness was not for him to enjoy. Upon his child, he lavished all the affections of his heart ; and in training her to the paths of virtue, he looked forward to years of comfort. But, alas ! death cut short the scheme of bliss, and deprived Gertrude of a doating father ; and, at the age of nineteen, made his wife a widow.

Upon the repeated solicitations of the paternal grandmother, Mrs. Lemour resigned her daughter to her care, who received the little Gertrude as a precious gift from the hands of the worldly-minded mother.

Gertrude was decidedly like her mother in feature, but her beauty was more mellowed. The soul of love shone through her hazel eyes : the very tenderness of their expression revealed the deep fountain of feeling from whence it sprang. She was all impulse ; and her smile was like a sunbeam upon roses, so bright and pure. Gertrude was by nature impetuous ; but

the sadness of the guardians of her infancy subdued the harsher traits of her character.

To the care and attention of the pastor of that quiet spot was Gertrude indebted for those solid acquirements which are too often thought beyond the capacity of the weaker sex.

Every one loved Gertrude, and she loved all things, animate and inanimate, around her. Although of an ardent temperament, she never wearied of what many would call a life of seclusion. She lived in a fairy scene, created by her own happy disposition. When tired of books or music, she would ramble forth—and found a never-failing charm in nature. All seasons, as they revolved, cast their magic spell around her: but she *would* sometimes sigh—a shade creep over her buoyant spirits; why, she knew not. In the midst of her rambles and fancies, she would pat the head of her faithful dog, and wish he was more communicative, and could understand the overflowings of her imaginings. Mrs. Lemour was always ready to listen to her descriptions of glowing sunsets and beautiful views, that had so enchanted *her*. But at the conclusion, the kind old lady invariably cautioned Gertrude to beware of precipices, and not to exceed the boundary of the fences—thus throwing back upon herself the enthusiasm of her young heart.

Two years after the death of her husband, Mrs. Lemour gave her hand to Mr. Mansfield, a Virginian by birth. His father had been a Colonel in the army of the Revolution, and devoted his fortunes to the service of his country. His sword was never in the scabbard when the star-spangled banner was unfurled, or the

loud trump called to victory. He swerved not from the mighty struggle in which he engaged, but stood firm, as a brave soldier and zealous patriot. When the glorious cause was won, and the glad shout of liberty had gone forth throughout the land, Colonel Mansfield retired from active service with broken fortunes, but a glad heart. Ere he embarked in the perilous enterprise, he had plighted his faith to a lovely girl, whose heart beat in unison with her lover's enthusiasm for the 'cause;' and after a lapse of peril and danger they met, and her fidelity was a reward for all his toils.

The day that shone upon the proclamation of peace between the mother country and her former colonies, witnessed his union with her who had ever been to him a guiding-star to fame. Their eldest son was named George Washington. The flower was not destined to expand, but was nipped in the bud. Four followed the fate of the eldest; and the bereaved parents held, with trembling joy, their youngest boy to their breast.

Henry survived the period that carried his brothers to the tomb, and soon sprung up into a hardy youth. But the repeated losses sustained by Mrs. Mansfield hurried her to the grave: the Colonel survived but a brief period her loss; and Henry, at the age of twenty, stood alone in the world. His first determination was the army. But the war was over, and he sighed for active life. Through the intercession of an old and valued friend of his father's, he obtained the situation of supercargo of a ship to the Island of Jamaica.

At the age of twenty-one, Henry Mansfield left his

native shores full of youth's wild expectations. His clear, broad forehead, and light, gay laugh, were the mirror of his heart. But the lines around his mouth denoted an indecision of character, and the restless eye bespoke imbecility of purpose. His feelings were kind, and his temper gentle ; but he was the sport of every circumstance, the creature of the moment.

Within sight of their destined port, a tempest swept the mighty deep, and the noble ship which, but a brief space before, rode so proudly upon the waves, became a prey to the devouring element. A few of the crew and passengers were saved--among the number, Henry Mansfield.

Four years elapsed ere he returned to his native country. He wandered about from Island to Island, and after a sojourn of some months at Martinique, he landed at Norfolk. No longer the gay, the light-hearted, he moved among his friends the spectre of his former self. Still, he was eminently handsome, and, when the humor prompted him, he could steal the fancy, in defiance of prejudice. He immediately sought out the warm-hearted friend of his youth, now the only being to whom he clung. With the kindness of a parent, this tried friend fostered him, and proclaimed him his heir, on condition that Henry married and became the father of a son, who should take the name of the good old man. The roving fancies of Mr. Mansfield were at length fixed by the beautiful Mrs. Lemour, (the mother of Gertrude.) No one shared his confidence. He seemed the sport of wild bursts of passion, which would sometimes sway his mind to almost a loss

of reason. His bearing was generally cold and constrained, but ever courteous, commanding due deference. Few loved him. To his wife his manner was reprehensibly indulgent. A dark frown would pass over his features at her follies ; but he was never heard to reprove or check her in her gay career. To Gertrude he was ever kind and gentle, but evidently indifferent and heartless. He disliked children, and a cloud would settle upon his brow whenever a fine boy was thrust upon his notice. He was childless—and the splendid possessions upon which he had so long looked as his own, were likely to prove but the “baseless fabric of a dream.”

Charleston was the native place of his wife, and there they continued to live after her second marriage. But she became wearied of the South ; her health injured by a life of excitement, she determined to accompany her husband to the North, who had a lawsuit of importance pending at New York. She seldom thought of her child ; and, except when they, during the summer months, occasionally visited the mansion of Mrs. Lemour, the mother and daughter never met. But now she was ill—there was a void in her heart—she thought of Gertrude.

Upon their arrival at the North, the routine of dissipation for a while revived the drooping spirits of Mrs. Mansfield. Her rich and dignified companion was now hailed as an old acquaintance by many who had forgotten even his name but for his wealth. He extended the hand to all with seeming friendliness, but missed one for whom in youth he had formed a sincere friendship ; a man, though descended from an ancient family, possessing a strong mind and strict principles of honesty,

could never catch the tide of fortune at the flood, but was ever the sport of that capricious dame.

Mr. Travers married young and for love—and was left a widower with one child, (a daughter of three years old) penniless and broken-hearted. Years rolled on, and his daughter grew to womanhood; and Travers managed but to exist, when Mr. Mansfield arrived in the metropolis.

During an evening visit of a mutual acquaintance, Mr. Mansfield inquired the address of Mr. Travers, his old friend, as he continued,

“I have a suit I wish to transfer into his hands.”

“Why, Travers is a clever fellow—fine talents, no doubt; but I would not advise you to place an affair of consequence in his hands, notwithstanding.”

“Your reasons, my dear sir?”

“Why—ahem—Well, in the first place, Mr. Travers has but little standing at the bar. Rather an unlucky fellow; has been sailing with adverse winds—and—in fact, he lives in some obscure street, that it is worth the cause he wins to find him out.”

“Strange! His name has been mentioned to me as a profound jurist. I am of opinion that Poverty has been his greatest enemy. In his rising to eminence, he has wanted some influential friend to aid him to the first stepping-stone; for I regret to say that, in this country as well as all others, no profession prospers without *patronage*—and that talent, however great, remains in the shade, if it miss the current of popularity. Mr. Travers’ address, if you please?”

“Ah! let me see. Upon honor, I cannot recall to mind the name of the street. My time is so occupied

with public affairs that I cannot find leisure to look up those who choose to shut themselves up in some obscure street in this vast city." Here the guest stroked down his vest and looked important.

Mr. Mansfield seemed surprised—arose and rang the bell.

"Thomson, I wish to have the address of James Travers, Esq., Counsellor at Law, this evening."

The servant bowed and withdrew.

Upon the following morning, Mr. Mansfield called upon his old friend. A mutual liking sprang up between the ladies. Maria amused the listless moments of Mrs. Mansfield, by reading and answering her daughter's letters—an occupation anything but agreeable to the invalid mother.

Maria Travers, as before mentioned, lost her mother when but a child. Her only parent stood alone in the world. No friend, no relative stepped forward to aid him in combating with the iron hand of poverty.

Maria was endowed by nature with a sprightly mind, and a love of gaiety and dress, which the slender purse of her father prevented her from enjoying. His stern countenance and silent demeanor checked the natural flow of confidence which ever exists in youthful breasts. Sad, indeed, and profitless, were the moments that the father and child passed together in the uncongenial study.

The feelings of Maria, thus untutored, were left to riot upon the harsher qualities of her nature; and the rich harvest of her mind, which promised so fair in childhood, was blasted ere it came to maturity.

Her only parent loved her blindly, and although he

would start at detecting an idle artifice, or a deviation from the path of truth : still the affection that he bore her, ever found within his breast an extenuation for the fault.

Upon her introduction to the Mansfields, Maria saw at a glance the advantages to be derived from such friends. Therefore, with much adroit flattery, she soon rendered herself useful to that lady—not that a congenial thought or feeling existed between them ; but Maria was ever ready to soothe the pillow of illness, or gratify the various capricious whims of the fashionable invalid. And while she displayed toward Mrs. Mansfield the open manner of a sincere friend, she lost no opportunity in endeavoring to undermine the affections of the husband for the wife, and to estrange the feeble spark of love that glimmered in the breast of the mother from Gertrude. She feared the influence of that young and guileless heart.

In defiance of her husband's wishes and the injunctions of her physician, Mrs. Mansfield plunged deeply into the gaiety of the metropolis ; and as she moved through the crowded rooms, admired, caressed, and flattered, she escaped not from the envenomed tooth of envy. And on her return to her home, while she lay exhausted upon her pillow, the prey to illness, she was the subject of many a bitter sarcasm, and mocking pity—how her beautiful lip would have curled with ineffable scorn, to have heard the scorpion-hiss of scandal breathed upon her name, by those who hated her for gifts which nature had denied to them.

Beautiful, admired, rich and gay—could she escape the syrtis of society ?

It was the middle of March—and the sun smiled brightly upon the mantle of snow that had covered the earth for many weeks. The warmth of its rays caused the mountain sides to look dark and grim: the branches of the trees shook in the whistling winds, disrobed of their gay deckings of glittering ice. Gertrude stood by the window watching the robins hopping around in quest of their daily crumb. So balmy and pure was the air that, with the sanguine feelings of youth, she decided that dreary winter was weary of his visit, and that, ere long, spring, bringing in its train the warbling birds and blooming flowers, would begin its short but delightful reign.

Mrs. Lemour smiled, as she entered the room and heard Gertrude's rhapsodies. She handed her a letter. It was from Mrs. Mansfield, who was ill in consequence of a cold taken at the last *bal costume*.

Gertrude perused the epistle with pain. It breathed repinings and sufferings; but not a wish for the presence of her child. At the conclusion, she bade her be happy with those on whom she had chosen to bestow her affections.

"How strange it is," thought Gertrude. "My mother seems jealous of my love for the only being that cares for me. And yet she never expresses a wish to have me near her. But the hand of a stranger soothes her fevered brow, and performs those endearing offices which should be my privilege."

Tears blinded her eyes. Folding the letter, she sat plunged in deep and troubled thought. A slight touch upon her arm aroused her from her painful reverie. By her side stood a blooming boy about seven years

old, whose lovely countenance expressed deep concern.

“What is the matter, dear Charley? How are your mother and uncle?”

“Oh! Miss Gertrude, poor uncle is very ill, and mama wishes you to come to the parsonage right away, if you please.”

In an instant all was forgotten save the illness of her beloved preceptor. With a small basket upon her arm, filled from the pantry of Mrs. Lemour, (the lady-bountiful of the village) and closely enveloped in cloak and furs, she was soon wending her way toward the parsonage. The road lay, for nearly a half of a mile, along the bank of the river, about one hundred and fifty feet above its level, and then turned suddenly into the interior of the country.

When Gertrude and her young companion arrived at this point, she involuntarily lingered to gaze upon the scene. In the distance, high mountains reared their silvery crests against the clear blue horizon, while the lesser hills and valleys, covered here and there with patches of dazzling whiteness, were chequered with sunshine and deep shadows from those giant guardians of the noble river that now reposed in sullen stillness at their base. So absorbed in thought was Gertrude, that the voice of Charles scarcely recalled her attention to animate objects around her.

“Oh, look, Miss Gertrude, at that dear little bird down there, just below that rock. Poor little thing—it has fallen, and is trying to get up. I’ll go and help it.”

Before Gertrude fully comprehended the purpose of the boy, he had gained a lower ledge of rocks, and with an unsteady footing upon the ice-covered pathway, was endeavoring to reach the desired spot. With a scream of terror, Gertrude commanded him to return. Poor child—he heeded her not: he could not check the impetus given to his footsteps; but amid the wild cries of Gertrude, he fell far below the fluttering bird. As she beheld the child lying motionless before her, that, but a brief space, bounded in innocent mirth by her side, along the same path, she thought not of herself; but throwing off her cloak and shoes, she attempted to descend to where the child lay. Repeatedly she missed her footing, but caught to some leafless branch that overhung the place. As she made one more struggle to reach the spot, the ice on which she had placed her feet, suddenly gave way. Involuntarily, she entwined her arms around a fir-tree that reared its ever verdant top amid the dreariness of winter, and making a violent effort, she swung herself from the spot, as the platform of ice on which she had stood dashed with a deafening crash upon the rocks below. The tree rebounded with her slight weight: terrified and dizzy, as she cast her eyes below, her hands refused their support—with a shriek of despair, she fell.

The village gossips were ever on the alert to catch a circumstance, however trifling, that occurred at the mansion of Mrs. Lemour—as they felt the importance of that lady, far more than the good old lady herself; and therefore seldom left an event that occurred there unscanned.

The day of rest is, generally, in the country, a day of caballing and comparing notes—and ere the services commence, the stillness of the sacred sanctuary is disturbed by whispers and subdued ejaculations.

It was the Sabbath day. The bright sun and balmy air—the deep tones of the bell—induced many to prepare for church, thinking that *possibly* something new might be gathered—from the worthy pastor? Ah! no!—but from the group that dotted the aisles previous to the commencement of the service. At an early hour, four or five females were seen standing leaning against a pew, paying deep attention to the earnest narrative of one of the party. At length the voice grew from low murmurs into an audible whisper; and the auricular faculties were stretched to the utmost to catch a word.

“Sad news to-day, Mrs. Pry. *They say* that poor Gertrude Lemour is disfigured for life by that fall. *All her* bones broken, and her features cut to pieces. What a fright! Poor thing! such a pretty creature _____”

“You don’t say so!” cried the daughter, in a tone bordering *almost* on delight; but with a countenance of great concern. “Well, I am sorry—very sorry, indeed—but *I* never could see her wonderful beauty. She was always so mighty condescending, as if no one was handsome but herself!” (Miss Pry was a country belle!)

“They say,” cried another gossip, “that Mrs. Lemour, upon beholding Gertrude, fell into a swoon, and has never had her reason since—so that it is dreadful to hear her moan and cry.”

"Well she may," cried another, "for that girl is all the comfort she has, except her money. As for Gertrude's mother—why, she is a perfect heathen!"

"Ah, yes! Strange things are told of her. I have heard things that would astonish you. Bless me! the wickedness of this world!"

"Have you?" "Have you?" sounded several voices. "Can't you mention a few particulars? *We* have heard something."

"Excuse me for the present—must hear more—you understand—don't like to spread reports injurious to persons. I hate scandal."

A demure little body now joined the group, on her way to the pew. Putting her handkerchief to her mouth, she whispered,

"Poor Gertrude Lemour is actually dying—past all hope—is to be prayed for. Do you know who it was that first discovered her? Find out, won't you?"

The solemn strains of the organ aroused the gossips to a consciousness of where they were standing.—With hasty steps and confused thoughts, they hurried to their respective seats, fully impressed with Mrs. Mansfield's heathenism, the death of Gertrude; and while their heads were lowly bent upon their books, many caught their truant thoughts wondering to whom Mrs. Lemour would leave her property upon the death of her granddaughter.

* * * * *

The piercing shriek of Gertrude fell upon the ear of a young man who was amusing himself by tracking the wild rabbits along the snow-clad paths. Springing from the cover of an overhanging rock, in a bed

of snow he beheld the apparently lifeless form of Gertrude lying at his feet. With deep emotion he raised her head, and gazed upon those still features, that but a moment before were glowing with life and animation! Lifting her in his arms, he attempted to gain the road, where he could command assistance. The motion revived her, and appeared to give her pain; for, unclosing her eyes, she seemed conscious of external objects. She thought the hand of death was upon her—a shudder crept through her frame—she heeded not the stranger that supported her giddy head—she sighed deeply, raised her eyes to heaven, and sunk again into insensibility.

The shouts of the stranger, mingled with the cries of the boy, (who, though much bruised, was aware of all that had passed,) brought several persons to his aid. A rude litter was hastily framed, and with much gentleness, the hapless Gertrude, with the little Charles, were conveyed to her grandmother's dwelling. It was heart-rending to witness the anguish of that aged parent, as she beheld the last link that bound her to life, thus about to be so rudely severed. Her heart seemed crushed—the sorrows of past years were crowded into that moment.

But Gertrude still lived—though many weeks had dragged slowly onward to those who had watched with tearful eyes, the spark of life that seemed struggling with the dread tyrant, Death. But youth conquered, and the joyful tidings rang through the house that the danger was past, and their idol was still permitted to remain among them. Oh! who can paint Mrs. Le-mour's feelings, as she uttered the fervent prayer,

while the tear of gratitude stole down her pallid cheek, furrowed by many a sorrow ; and how eloquent was that look, as she poured forth her heartfelt thanks to the preserver of her earth's dearest treasure.

Two months passed, ere Gertrude was permitted to visit her favorite haunts, and feel the influence of the balmy air. A change had come over the spirit of her dream of life, as well as over the face of nature. The cold dreary winter had breathed its last sigh over the plains, as spring, with all its vernal beauties, swept lightly onward, decking nature in its rich and gaudy livery. The birds again warbled their merry notes, as they chased each other through the leafy branches of the trees—the daisy and violet ventured to raise their modest heads to meet the gaze of the ardent sun, and the zephyrs caught the fragrance of their breath, to laden the air with their sweetness. The noble river was lulled into a limpid clearness, reflecting the rays of the golden sunset with the purple mountain-tops upon its placid bosom. Not a sound was heard to disturb the stillness of the departing day, but the waves, as they listlessly broke over the rocks. Silently did Gertrude gaze upon the scene—her heart was too busy with heaven for utterance. There was one that stood by her side, watching with deep feeling the changes of her expressive countenance. She caught the look—it brought her back to earth !

Frederic St. Muir, the preserver of Gertrude, was by birth a West Indian. Left at an early age an orphan, his aunt embarked with her young charge for England, there to complete his education. With the tenderness of a mother, she fostered his ripening years

—and ere she closed her eyes upon earthly scenes, she beheld the sterling qualities that distinguished him in childhood, strengthen and ripen into manhood. The death of his kind relative caused a blank in the existence of Frederic ; and with avidity he accepted an invitation from a friend (his chum that was) to visit America—with the intention, from thence, of sailing to his native Isle.

With enthusiasm he entered into the novelty of skating and sleighing ; he lingered upon the banks of the Hudson, at the residence of his friend, in preference to visiting, for any length of time, the crowded city. Another reason, and unknown to himself, held him spell-bound there : twice he had encountered Gertrude during her rambles to the parsonage. The beaming countenance, the mirror of her mind—the silvery tones of her voice, made a deep impression upon him. The absence of his friend prevented an introduction for the present—he could only linger around her favorite haunts, and endeavor to catch the sound of her voice, as she warbled forth her sweet songs.

They now stood side by side—the formal barrier of heartless ceremony was thrown aside. She looked upon Frederic as her friend—her preserver—one to whom she could pour out the treasures of her pent-up mind, and find thought respond to thought. Her walks were no longer solitary—even poor Milo was forgotten, while listening to the voice of her companion, as he glowingly described scenes of enchantment that existed beyond *her little world*.

Thus passes many, many halcyon days and weeks, although Frederic had never breathed the fondest

wishes of his heart, they shone forth in every action of his life, the sparkling eye, the heightened color told the tale that quivered upon his lip: Gertrude was all life, all happiness; the present was so bright, and not until Frederic accompanied his friend to the Falls, and Canada, could she believe how lonely the *heart* could *feel*.

Daily were the Mansfields and Miss Travers expected at Woodlawn; expectation was on tip toe, eyes and ears widely expanded to catch a glimpse or hear a word respecting the fashionable Mrs. Mansfield, (for the very errors that were daily censured, gave her notoriety,) but each succeeding post brought disappointment to the anxious breast of Gertrude, and chagrin to the gossips by the continued illness of Mrs. Mansfield. At length arrived the expected guests; but oh how changed was Gertrude's mother. The contour of beauty was gone, although the eyes still flashed with their wonted fire; the sunken cheek and purple lip told the sad tale how evanescent was the idol! still, she clung to life and its delusive joys. Reason told her the *fell destroyer* had marked her for his victim. She dreamed not of his near approach.

Gertrude flew from her mother's embrace to the solitude of her own room, there to weep; she felt that soon she would be an orphan. Her tell-tale eyes called forth a sharp rebuke from Maria, and a bitter sarcasm from her mother. With a chill at her heart, she promised to have more command of her feelings for the future. The daughter deeply felt the mother's indifference; her heart was so formed for love and filial duty. Three sorrowful weeks passed to the in-

mates of Woodlawn ; Mrs. Mansfield was declining fast ; but still clinging to *hope*. The well regulated mind of Mrs. Lemour beheld with sorrow the follies of her daughter-in-law, and the unbounded influence of her companion, Miss Travers, over her mind. The country, although in the flush of summer, wearied them, and often would ennui preside triumphant within their breasts, much to the annoyance of Gertrude, who was a stranger to such a guest. She bore with meekness the repinings of Mrs. Mansfield, for it was her *mother* ; but she could not comprehend why, to Maria, the hours should lag so heavily ; she knew not how untrained were the thoughts and feelings of her mother's friend, that constant excitement was necessary to beguile away the time. Precious moments ! never to be recalled from the abyss of the *past* !

Onward flew time — Mrs. Mansfield daily increasing in weakness — Maria in aspiring hopes — and Gertrude a prey to the anguish of her mother's determined blindness to her approaching fate. Mr. Mansfield had but twice visited Woodlawn, in consequence of the impending law-suit, but upon the receipt of a letter from Maria, all his fearful forebodings seemed about to be realized. All worldly considerations were forgotten — he hastened to soothe the sick couch of his suffering wife.

The day had been unusually warm and sultry ; not a leaf stirred, not a breath rippled the polished surface of the river. Mrs. Mansfield, at her request, had been placed before the open window. Long and earnestly did she gaze upon the scene before her, as the last ray of the departing sun ceased to play through

the distant trees upon the mountain top, she turned with a deep drawn sigh to her husband, and said in a feeble voice, "can it be Henry, that, like yonder sun-beam, I shall disappear from this glorious scene, and be as nothing ? no, no, it cannot be, although this frame is very weak and strangely emaciated of late, still, the energies of my mind, the power of thought, are as——Why, Henry, you are weeping, why so silent ? speak, in mercy speak to me ;" the husband clasped her to his breast, words of *hope* he could not, he *dared* not utter ; a cold shudder crept through her frame, but like the mariner tossing upon the mighty deep, without chart or compass, while a *plank* yet remains, still clings to Hope.

The evening breeze, as it stole gently in at the window blew sharply against the sufferer's frame. A bright harvest moon shed its silver light through the room ; exhausted by the conflict of feeling, Mrs. Mansfield's head drooped upon her husband's breast, and she sunk into a deep sleep. So still, and motionless sat the inmates of that room, that not a sound was heard, save the heavy breathing of the sleeper — each felt that the *grim tyrant* had pointed the arrow — how soon it would be sped from the bow, they knew not ; the ceaseless ticking of the watch warned them of the flight of time. Still she slept ; at length, uttering a faint cry of pain, she awakened from a troubled dream, she *breathed* with difficulty, the dew of anguish was upon her brow, (that brow so fair, where so oft reposed the brilliant gems!!) her eyes wildly staring as if in search of

some invisible object ; folding her hands, she looked up into her husband's face, and said

“ Henry, I am ill — we must change the air — oh ! to-morrow — I cannot breathe.” — Pressing her hands tightly to her breast, she stared wildly around her, and seemed unconscious of the words of consolation breathed by her husband ; a shudder passed over her frame, faintly she cried “*can this be death ?* Ah ! if I had — served — my God — as faith — fully as I have — the world — Henry, who said *that* — my mem — ory — fails me — yes, yes, the dying hour — brings that — *truth* home — ” exhausted with the effort of speaking, she fainted ; in wild dismay, Gertrude flew for restoratives, and again her mother unclosed her eyes and gazed earnestly upon her — “ my child, my child — forgive me — forget — not this lesson — God bless you — pray, oh pray for me — I can — not — now — I need it. — Henry, where are you ? — Ah — my husband — Oh hold — me to — ah — heaven — bless — you — ” she ceased to murmur, the clasped hands, so wan and pale, fell motionless by her side ; silently they gazed — they dreamed not that the spirit had left its frail tenement, so gently — fearfully they awakened to the conviction that the once gay, beautiful and admired Mrs. Mansfield had passed from their sight like a bright tint upon a fleeting cloud. * * * * *

The shock occasioned by the death of Mrs. Mansfield at the mansion of Mrs. Lemour, subsided into a deep melancholy ; the general stillness was only broken by the measured footsteps of Mr. Mansfield, as he paced to and fro the hall. The husband mourned for

the wife ; and many wondered, as time brought no healing on its wing. Maria viewed with dismay the influence that survived the grave : she was ever near to mark the deep-drawn sigh, and to pour forth praises of the departed, and so adroitly varnish a folly, that, however soothing the *praise*, a slight word would call up from the well of memory, that would wish to be forgotten. Plunged in dark thought, Mr. Mansfield regarded not the speaker. Not so Gertrude : she disliked the *manner* in which Maria mentioned the name of her mother, and often was Gertrude tempted to beg her never again to name that parent in her presence. Mrs. Lemour regarded closely her guest ; but not even to her grandchild did she hint her thoughts.

As time mellowed the grief at her mother's death, Gertrude's thoughts wandered from the dark tomb to the living world. The protracted absence of St. Muir, the feeling of loneliness that crept over her spirits, awakened her to the startling fact, how necessary his society was to her happiness.

It was the afternoon of an August day. As the sun declined, the freshening breeze swept from the mountain-tops the dreamy clouds, and renovated the drooping flowers, which raised their heads to catch a last ray of the sunbeam, ere they breathed their fragrant sighs at its departure : the soft and balmy air, as it fanned her cheek, wooing Gertrude to visit again her favorite haunts : how many sylvan bowers and scenes of rural beauty were consecrated within her breast to days of happiness. She wandered to the spot where St. Muir had saved her life, and, seated upon a mossy bank, thought chased thought like clouds upon a sun-

lit landscape, until Gertrude with a palpitating heart, fancied that too faithful memory had conjured up a breathing form. Could it indeed be the object of her meditations bounding towards her — it was no delusion of the brain — Frederick had just returned from his tour, and learning of the bereavement of Gertrude, he hastened forward, his feelings alive to the sorrows that she had endured during his absence; and when he beheld her standing upon the spot hallowed by the scene of her preservation, the pent up feelings of his heart broke forth; and those well remembered tones breathed in broken sentences, his love and hopes, and when he marked the mantling blushes, and the sparkling of her down cast eyes, he felt assured that absence, (that touchstone to love,) had not erased his image from her heart. The moments flew rapidly on, each had so much to say, for when two hearts yield to the witchery of the blind god, the burden of *cares* and joys are poured in the confiding breast, thus riveting more firmly the links of love. The horizon mantled in gorgeous purple and gold, warned Gertrude of the flight of time; slowly they retraced their footsteps to the house. Arriving at the door of the mansion, St. Muir bade Gertrude adieu, for with feelings of delicacy, he wished not to intrude upon the mourners within. When upon the steps, some untold thought, or the repetition of some promised request had yet to be uttered, the last word, farewell to be spoken, when the figure of Mr. Mansfield darkened the door-way; with a blushing brow, Gertrude named her lover, and started with amazement at the ashy lip, and wild staring eyes of Mr. Mansfield; he heeded her not, but seemed

lost in some bewildering maze, until recalled to himself by the flashing eye and burning cheek of the object of his severe scrutiny ; at length, in a low, sepulchral tone he cried, "young man, who and what are you ?" Haughtily was the gaze returned, and St. Muir sternly answered, "this card, sir, will inform you *who I am*, and when we meet, *what I am* ;" touching his hat to Gertrude, ere she could realise the scene, he was lost in the shadows of the twilight. Grasping the arm of the astonished girl, Mr. Mansfield almost screamed, "child, who is that young man, and where is he from ?" Shocked and confounded at his strange conduct, Gertrude could scarcely command breath to recount with seeming calmness the events of the past few months, but when she related her preservation, his unwearied attention to herself and Mrs. Lemour, the secret of that guileless heart was easily read by that man of the world.

"Gertrude, imagine no scene in life, where that young man will be the actor, for it can never be realised."

The expressive countenance of his listener portrayed her astonishment. Rallying her spirits, she replied,

"As the husband of my mother, I shall ever respect you, sir, but Mr. St. Muir saved my life ; too deep a debt to be easily thrown aside ; and unless proved unworthy of my friendship, will I never withdraw it."

"Have a care, Gertrude, by this foolish fancy, this childish dream, you will tighten the meshes woven around you — but I will seek this young man, and ere we part, we will know each other better."

He strode hastily over the lawn ; Gertrude sprang

after him, and laying her hand upon his arm, arrested his footsteps.

“Oh, sir ; if an interview be necessary, do wait until the wrath that so strangely governs you subsides.”

Fiercely he regarded her for a moment, then throwing off her hand, hastened wildly onward.

Almost stupefied with surprise, Gertrude entered the house, and concisely related the events of the evening to her grandmother. When she had finished, she seemed plunged in deep thought ; at length, turning to her, said,

“You must be prepared, my child, to hear some strange disclosures. God knows of what nature — these sudden outbreaks of the passions are generally the effect of a mind ill at ease.”

While Mrs. Lemour was speaking, a sudden gust of wind, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, warned them of a coming storm. Silently they watched the forked lightning as it leaped through the murky sky, as the thunder echoed from mountain to mountain, although accustomed to witness the fury of the elements in that mountainous region, on that night the storm appeared clothed in deeper majesty.

As midnight approached and Mr. Mansfield returned not, Maria Travers' terror knew no bounds ; she insisted upon servants being sent in pursuit of him, (her quick ear had made her acquainted with the foregoing scene,) but Mrs. Lemour reminded her that Mr. Mansfield was a man, with whose actions no one presumed to interfere. The storm at length abated. Gertrude and her grandmother sought repose, but in

vain did they court 'tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;' and the grey light of another day, dawned upon their weary vigils.

There was one within that dwelling who laid her head upon her pillow, but not to rest, as the workings of whose brain kept pace with the flight of time; in one brief moment, she saw a deep scheme, the plottings of many months about to be annihilated; a mystery involved the events of the evening, fathom them she would.

Mr. Mansfield hurried onward as if pursued by his evil genius; he heeded not the roughness of the path, nor the light flashes of the lightning that for a moment illumined his footsteps. At length the howlings of the blast, the rushing of the dark waters mingling with the thunder's roar, arrested his attention. He hesitated — turned to retrace his foot steps, but seemed irresolute.

"I will meet him or die in the attempt — a fitting night for such an encounter."

He turned and sped on, springing from rock to rock as if the fires that flashed from his eyes, lighted his way. The sound of voices met his ear, he started, the object of his search was close upon him, but before he could speak, a gleam of pale silvery light, a crashing sound, followed by a tremendous burst of thunder, and a noble old oak was prostrated across his path. Recovering from the stunning effects of the lightning, and by the light of the blazing pile before him, he beheld by his side, St. Muir.

A deathly pallor overspread the features of Mr. Mansfield, he trembled from some internal emotion,

his distracting thoughts were recalled by the voice of St. Muir.

"Well met, sir, you are prepared, I presume, for an explanation of this unaccountable conduct."

"Young man," answered Mr. Mansfield, in a voice of such deep anguish, that it arrested the attention of his listener, "answer calmly and dispassionately; much, much depends upon it. I wish not to provoke your anger, far from it — but in God's name, tell me your name and birth-place."

"Mr. Mansfield, some mysterious influence governs you. You *dare* not mean thus to insult me. My name is St. Muir, a native of Martinique; and now, sir, you will oblige me with your reasons for these questions."

"Your mother's name," groaned Mr. Mansfield.

"My mother's name, sir, was Inez Alvord."

"It is — it is my son. Child of my injured Inez, behold your wretched father's,"

"My Father! impossible. He died ere I was born; was slain in battle."

"Ah! Massa Harry, you dare; ah! Massa, me know you now, me tink you bad man, you kill poor Missus," answered a querulous voice from amid the murky darkness. Mr. Mansfield started, looked around with horror; that well known voice conjured up in one moment, from memory's waste, scenes of by-gone, fleeting happiness. Well did he remember the last time they met his ear.

"Jube, thou faithful old creature, are you still among the living to bear witness to my ill-fated marriage?"

Starting from his posture of deep abstraction, St. Muir seized with convulsive energy, the hand of Mr. Mansfield ;

“ Marriage ! say but *that* word again, and let your crimes be as black as hell, I will bless you, and owe to you the obedience of a son. Oh ! how many dark thoughts have this scene called up.”

“ Young man, fear not that the blush of shame will ever mantle your cheek for your mother. Oh ! that I could hear her pronounce my forgiveness—but may the anguish of this hour in some measure extirpate my offences.”

“ Fifteen summers have brought their blossoms upon my sainted mother’s grave ; she died after sufferings of many years”——

“ Ah ! sufferings of many years ; yes, yes — I am *her murderer !*” almost shouted Mr. Mansfield, as he fell heavily to the ground. All was dark around ; the rain had ceased, the thunder moaned at a distance, and the waters rolled sullenly on. Jube hastened to a habitation where a light still glimmered : he returned with assistance to aid in conveying Mr. Mansfield to a place of shelter. He had fallen into a fit, from the violence of his high wrought passions. As the springs of life gradually resumed their action, and dispelled the clouds that had temporarily obscured his reason, Mr. Mansfield’s eyes wandered wildly around the room, and when he encountered the figure of Frederic, anguish shook his frame.

“ Come near,” he murmured, “ the hand of an avenging God is upon me ; I have sinned, and am now reaping the bitter fruits. Send for Gertrude, in

her presence I will unfold the dark pages of my life ; it is due to the memory of her departed mother — one question — it must be asked, but I dread the answer ; when did the gentle spirit of your mother take its flight ? ” Mr. Mansfield raised himself suddenly from his pillow, and convulsively grasping the bed clothes, gazed upon St. Muir as if his life depended upon the answer.

“ Sixteen years, the fourteenth of August, a day deeply engraved upon my heart.”

“ My God, I thank thee.” Mr. Mansfield sunk back upon the pillow, at length he added, “ the sixteenth I united myself to Gertrude’s mother.”

At the name of *Gertrude*, a painful pang shot thro’ the breast of St. Muir ; he could not realize the scene, he could call up from the depths of memory, a thousand times, hearing his mother invoking his father’s spirit, to hover over her boy, and be his guardian angel amid the perils of the world ; he would have proof — proof — ere he could believe.

If in youth we could pierce through the veil that hides futurity from our sight, and there read the actions that daily are destined to corrode the after moments of life, how the footsteps would be staid, the passions tempered that lead to vice. It was evident that Mr. Mansfield was suffering from his exposure to the inclemency of the weather on the preceeding night ; he breathed with difficulty, and burning fever dyed his cheeks ; he appeared impatient for the arrival of Gertrude and Mrs. Lemour ; he would not listen to the advice of the physician to compose his mind. At length they stood by his bed-side : no

words can paint their astonishment upon learning the events of the past night. To Gertrude, the fabric of *her* happiness seemed crushed. She avoided the looks of St. Muir, for her own heart told her what he was suffering. And then the form of her mother in all the pride of beauty rose up to her mind ; and she felt that *death* had kindly removed her from this humiliating scene ; she had yet to learn that Mr. Mansfield's hand was unshackled when he gave it to his unsuspecting wife.

It was some moments ere Mr. Mansfield could compose himself to draw aside the veil that had so long hidden the past ; a brief silence reigned in the room ; in that moment, years passed hurriedly through the mind, with their pleasures and pains, joys and disappointments ; a type of existence, for when life is fleeting fast away, the retrospection, (however happily or wretchedly past,) seems *then* but a dream.

"The humiliating confession of my past life is a slight atonement, my children, for the follies that have dyed its pages ; one step from the path of truth, how insensibly it leads to a labyrinth of vice from which the hand of death alone can extricate us. Frederic, as memory conjures up the form of your mother in her youthful loveliness and confiding love—strong must have been the love of gold to have caused my cruel desertion. Your grandfather was descended from a high and honorable Spanish family ; captivated by the soft beauty of your mother, I easily persuaded her to elope. Upon the discovery of our marriage, her father upbraided me with my *poverty* ; I boasted of my possessions in this country—he defied

me to produce proof of them, and ended by calling me a foreign adventurer; maddened by the taunts, I set sail for America, fully determined to return and claim my disconsolate wife; then was the first link to the chain of vice rivited. The old friend of my youth to whose wealth I had looked as my own, refused to give me a shilling, if I did not consent to give up all thoughts of my foreign fancy, as he called my love for Inez. Coward that I was! for the sake of his wealth, I did not dare to unfold the truth of my marriage, but yielded to the allurements that lurked in my path, until your mother's image grew fainter daily within my breast, and conscience was lulled to rest *for the time*. The knowledge that riches were within my grasp, sealed my doom, and for their sake I became a villian. I have passed through life *envied* by my fellow men; little did they dream of the canker worm within; the ceaseless gnawing of the vulture, conscience,—Gertrude, turn not from me thus—I feel that the liquid fire that is coursing through my veins will soon consume me, and ere I die, let me have your forgiveness, for upon this bed of death, I assure you, your mother was my lawful wife.”

The pent up feelings of Gertrude could endure no longer; with a shriek, she fell lifeless beside the bed.

Mr. Mansfield ceased to speak; it was evident the sands of life were nearly run; the physicians shook their heads, over the fevered hand, and retired into an adjoining room to consult the merits of their respective — horses. To soothe and endeavor to alleviate the sufferings of the dying man, cost Gertrude a mighty struggle; to be daily with St. Muir, to mark

the many traits in his character, to admire and respect and to feel that a dark phantom had arisen between her and happiness; the thought was torture.

Mrs. Lemour hovered like an angel of mercy around the dying couch, whispering words of sweet comfort and breathing peace to the troubled spirit. The wild and turbulent passions were lulled into repentance for the past, resignation for the future, while thus calmly waiting the hour of dissolution, Mr. Mansfield and those who were sitting around his bed, were startled by the abrupt entrance of St. Muir (who had been absent some time from the room,) followed by Jube bearing in his hands a box; before the door closed, a grave and venerable gentleman entered and seated himself by the head of the bed.

“Frederic, what does this mean?” cried Mr. Mansfield, in a feeble voice.

“My dear sir, compose yourself, and for my sake listen to what this gentleman has to say. Oh! that the spirit may be permitted to remain a little longer,” cried St. Muir, as he marked Mr. Mansfield’s pale and quivering lip.

With a solemn air, the gentleman unlocked the box borne in by Jube, and unclasping a casket approached the couch.

“Owing to a similarity of names and a conscience ill at ease, a painful mistake has occurred; behold the features of Inez Alvord, the mother of Mr. St. Muir, the *niece* of Inez Alvord, your first wife—nay, be composed, my dear sir, and hear me through; do not interrupt me with this burst of feeling, every moment is precious—Don ——— the father of your *first* wife,

had *three* children, two daughters and a son. Alphonso was a twin brother of your wife, Inez ; he married when young, against his father's will. He *never* forgave his son, but banished him from the paternal roof forever. His name was forbidden ever to be named within the family circle. He died, leaving an only child, a daughter, named after the sister so much beloved ; the little Inez was soon an orphan. She was destined to be a nun, but at an early age she ran away from the convent, and married a French officer, Capt. St. Muir, who, a few months after, was killed in battle.

Friendless and alone, she determined to seek out her grandfather, and claim a shelter for her that he had refused her parents. She arrived when his heart was softened by the loss of his darling, his dear Inez, who having lingered a few years among them, sank gently to sleep." The old gentleman's voice failed for a moment. Mr. Mansfield became fearfully agitated ; restoratives being administered, he motioned the gentleman to proceed.

Mrs. St. Muir was received with open arms by the bereaved old man, and from that moment she seemed to supply the place of her unfortunate aunt, and, by command of Don ———, was always called Inez Alvord. She did not live many years after her taking up her abode there ; the thought that all her trials and sorrows were owing to her breaking her conventual vows, corroded her existence. She died, and left this her boy to the care of her aunt, who faithfully performed her duty to her young charge ; and when he arrived at the proper age, carried him to England there to finish his education. Upon her death, she

made him her heir, and appointed me, an old and tried friend to the family, her executor. Mr. St. Muir informed me of his arrival in America, and having business of importance, I set sail for New York, and landed, thank Heaven, in time to set aright this startling mistake. I now place in your hands these silent images of the dead." He ceased to speak; not a sound broke the stillness; Mr. Mansfield gazed with dim vision upon the miniature of Frederic's mother. At length he said,

"Frederic, come here, deceive not a dying man; by every hope of happiness, answer me, is this your mother's likeness."

Frederic knelt at the bedside, and as his eye caught sight of the features, with an emotion impossible to control, exclaimed, "my mother, my beloved mother!" and pressed the picture to his lips. This outbreak of filial love struck conviction to each heart.

"Strange," murmured Mr. Mansfield, "and so like my sainted Inez; it was that resemblance that struck such horror through my breast when we met."

"His mother resembled her aunt, and likewise the son; a strong family likeness could be traced throughout every branch."

"And I never have heard of the brother's existence."

"Your stay was but a short one, my dear sir, and other thoughts at that time occupied the donna Inez' mind."

"Ah! I remember her saying to me, 'my father never forgives, I shall be cast off forever;' but she

braved his anger for my love." Mr. Mansfield groaned aloud.

"And Jube, too," he cried, starting up from the pillows, "he led me to think I was right in my conviction, that Frederic was my son."

"No, no, massa ; I no say *es*, but I no say no, no harm done , if massa Harry tought massa Freddy his son, he gib im gould."

"He shall have it all, all, for his resemblance to my wronged wife," cried Mr. Mansfield, and with a sudden energy, he continued, "hand me her miniature, while life remains, let me gaze upon those soft features. With a wild burst of passion, he cried, "forgive me, oh forgive, Inez," and pressed his lips to the insensible ivory. It fell from his grasp — the hands parted over the coverlid, and St. Muir received the lifeless form of Mr. Mansfield in his arms ; all was stilled within — hushed forever.

The ensuing winter the scene was changed from the quiet mansion of Mrs. Lemour, and the deep seclusion of the country to a large house in the gay metropolis. Twelve months had passed since the death of Mr. Mansfield ; Maria Travers had returned to her cheerless home, with the natural petulance of her temper rendered still more irritable, by the recent destruction of her schemes. Her poor father beheld with sorrow the change, and sighed (when too late) at the effects of his blind love—she passed through a stormy life, unloving and unloved.

Frederick St. Muir had returned to his native Isle, to take possession of the estate left him by his aunt. Mrs. Lemour sacrificed the love of retirement, and

established herself in the city for the winter. Gertrude was soon surrounded by friends, very many who professed the most ardent friendship for the young novice, and were profuse in their offers to aid her, in spending her money and to kill time. Gertrude was amused for a while with the new scene to which she was introduced; she moved through the mazy dance with a light and airy grace; but the thoughtful brow convinced many that her thoughts were far away; and it was apparent that the buzz of admiration which followed her, fell upon unconscious ears. Many bowed to the influence of her beauty; but in vain did they offer their hearts at its shrine: not for one moment, amid the glittering and attractive throng that surrounded her, were her thoughts untrue to the impulse of her heart; but

“Time the impression stronger made,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

As twilight drew its gray mantle over the glowing sky, by the bright light of a cheerful fire, might be seen two figures, seated upon a couch, drawn up within its influence. They regarded not the flight of time, so intent were they with their own feelings. The young girl sat with her arm resting upon the side of the sofa, while her hand pushed aside the luxuriant curls that clustered over her brow, and partly revealed the soft expression of her gaze, as she bent her eyes upon the figure at her side, who was addressing her with great earnestness.

"That little word, dear Gertrude, repays me for all the past—to find you still so beautiful, and so confiding in your lover's truth."

"Never for an instant did I doubt it, dear Frederic, —during nearly twelve tedious months, my only solace for your absence was the memory of those vows —oft would I retire from the busy world to con over each look and word."

"May it ever be thus, sweet love ; and as years pass over us, may our *dream* of bliss be found in the realities of an enduring affection."

"Ah ! that the dreary winter would only take wing —that we could once more visit our favorite haunts ; and a beautiful bower will I erect on the site of our first meeting, Frederic. And if ever chilling cloud should pass over your brow, I will lead you within its fragrant shade, and remind you of that hour."

* * * * *

The merry peal of the bells, the pawing of the impatient steeds, the crowd of gossips around the church, announced a wedding. After a brief space, the blushing bride, with a train of friends and attendants, issued from beneath the portals of the sacred edifice.

"Well," cried Mrs. Pry, "so it's all ended in a wedding, after all."

"And a handsome bride she makes—only she is dressed so very plain."

"Bless us, our Polly dresses dashier every Sunday."

"Well, who can look at a dress, when such a beautiful man is at her side ?"

"Dressed plain or gay, Mrs. St. Muir looks so happy—I would not wonder if she married for love, so

fashionable as she is, too ; and he so rich, too." The last speaker was a sentimental young lady !

As the bridal party returned from the church, and Gertrude caught a glimpse of Woodlawn through the opening of those venerable trees, she fervently hoped that it might be her fate, with the companion she had chosen for life, ever to dwell amid their sylvan shades.

THE MOTHER

FROM THE GERMAN OF JACOBI.

BY MRS. ANNE E. KENDRICK

To her little earthly treasure
Mother truth and mother love,
Life impart, and every pleasure,
Teaching now around, above,
To the blue-arched heavens yonder,
Its first feeble glance to wander.

Love and truth, that never weary,
Guard us on her pillowing breast,
Be the morning e'er so dreary,
Joyful *there* we wake from rest ;
Hear, amid the thunder's breaking,
Mother tones to bless our waking.

And illum'd with Angel-splendor,
Now the silent chamber glows,
As the moon-beams pure and tender
On the mother's brow repose,
Softened is night's fearful sadness,
By her quiet kiss of gladness.

On this earthly ball a stranger,
Her fond breast his only home ;
On her lip the infant ranger
Hangs 'till youth's wild hours are come ;

Is he praying, hoping, chiding,
Still the mother's hand is guiding.

She who hush'd desire's soft waking,
She who ope'd each fount of joy,
Now with tears the staff is taking
For her wild and wandering boy ;
Trembling with a heart all broken,
She the last farewell has spoken

Ah, that farewell, many a morrow,
Sways his soul with magic power,
While she wanders full of sorrow,
Lonely in the twilight hour,
Gazes in the distance dim,
Asks the golden stars for him.

Tho' the youth, pursuing pleasures.
Eager seeks each new delight,
Thoughtless of sweet childhood's treasures,
Still hope's mild and rosy light
On the mother's heart reposes,
His returning form discloses.

Empty vision ! disappearing
Like the rose's changing hues,
When its leaves the wind careering
O'er the lake, dissevered, strews,
Death's deep shades are gathering o'er her ;
Haste thee, youth, and stand before her :

That her dying lips may bless thee,
That thy mother's tender arm,

Fondly to her heart may press thee,
To her heart with love so warm,
On her child's fond breast reposing,
While the last sad scene is closing.

Ah, too late ! Death's icy fingers
Those true hands have clasp'd for aye ;
In that breast no feeling lingers :
Haste, thee, youth, while yet you may,
Seek her grave, the turf 'twill lighten,
'Twill her tomb's deep darkness brighten

Mute behold her seat forsaken,
Let the hearth she lov'd so well
Memory's holiest tears awaken
In its deepest chambers dwell ;
O'er its flame now faintly glowing,
Let thy thanks and tears be flowing.

And if e'er thy faith should waver,
As thou view'st man's treacherous art,
On his brow, but smiles and favor,
Hate and envy in his heart :
Think what bonds of sure believing,
Mother truth is round us weaving.

She o'er every cradle bending,
Lulls with song, her infant child,
With whose soul her image blending,
Stamps for aye its features mild,
Hence it beats all warm to meet us,
Hence its brother-hands still greet us.

He who bids the flowret flourish
 Lowly in the quiet grove ;
He who does the cedar nourish,
 He must find his bliss in love ;
Would he else joy's rapturous heaven
 To the mother's heart have given ?

IMMORTALITY

BY REV. WM. WHITTAKER

“I feel my immortality o’ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears, this truth — thou liv’st forever !”

OF all the subjects within the wide range of human investigation, there is none which can be presented for the consideration of rational and accountable beings, so important, or so intimately connected with their present and eternal well-being, as the doctrine of a future state, and the evidences by which it is sustained.

Intimations of this delightful truth had been communicated to the ancient Israelites through the medium of types and figures, and was shadowed forth by the milk and honey, and temporary possession of the land of Canaan.

In process of time, this doctrine became corrupted and obscured by the fictions and fables of the Poets ; yet it never ceased to exert a powerful and a salutary influence over the hearts and lives of those who had embraced its cheering truths.

It might be both interesting and profitable to enquire how far the most illustrious heathen writers carried their researches on this vast and glorious theme, ere the eternal Son of God poured down upon it the full radiance and splendor of his own marvelous light.

Suffice it to say they considered it as a matter of curious speculation, — a subject for the display of wit and learning, and metaphysical subtlety, a theme for the intellect, rather than the heart.

“They reasoned high,
But found no end, in wandering mazes lost.”

If we examine the writings of a Socrates, or Plato, a Cicero or a Seneca, we shall be struck with the many bright and beautiful conjectures with which they are adorned, but they want the solidity, the durability, and the glorious certainty of divine truth.

I. Immortality may be proved from the nature of the soul.

“The thinking soul
Cannot terrestrial or material be,
But claims by nature, immortality.”

By the soul, we mean the immaterial principle which finds a lodgment in every breast,—we mean the conscious-thinking faculty, distinct from the body, which is indestructible in its essence, and over which, dissolution has no power.

The soul is a ray of light, from the “father of lights,” a beam of intelligence and glory, emanating from the infinite and eternal mind, mighty in its susceptibilities, and boundless in its desires.

“A drop dissevered from the shoreless sea,
A moment parted from eternity.”

Plato has said, “there is an inward as well as outward man, the latter we may discern with our

corporeal eyes, which retains its form after death, as an organ after the musician ceases to touch it, the former is the soul, which, though united to the body, makes use of it only as a vehicle."

The precept of Apollo, says Cicero, which teaches that every one should know himself, does not teach, as I conceive, that we should be acquainted with our own members, our stature, or our form.

The body does not constitute the man; nor do I, while saying this to thee, say it to thy body.

When, therefore, he says *know thyself*, he says *know thy soul*; for the body is, as it were, the vessel or receptacle of thy soul; whatever is done by thy soul, that is done by thyself.

Many arguments might be adduced to prove that the soul of man is an immaterial substance, not the result of physical organization, but a conscious spirit, distinguished by properties, and capable of operations totally and radically different from those of the body.

That the soul is, in its own nature, spiritual, uncompounded, and indivisible, is clearly evident from all its perceptions and operations.

It is capable of abstract notions, mathematical and metaphysical conceptions; it can take in ideas of things spiritual and divine, which no material being can ever do.

It is true that the connection between body and soul is so intimate and their sympathies so tender, that in most physical and moral diseases, the influence is reciprocal and inseparable, yet there are cases in which the material frame languishes and decays, until vitality becomes extinct, while the spirit within retains its

elasticity, sprightliness, and vigor, and often puts forth the greatest indications of mental energy and lustre as the lamp of life goes out.

The body is confined to a single spot of earth, while the soul ranges through boundless regions of immensity.

While the body is still and motionless, under the influence of a profound sleep, the soul is active exploring heaven and earth—its excursions cannot be circumscribed within the limits of the universe, nor its flight outstripped by the “wings of the morning.”

And when this deathless principle shall break loose from all the entanglements of mortality and wing its way to its own native element, even then, it shall be forever distinguished for its own innate activity and lofty aspirations.

“O’er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.”

II. Another argument in favor of Immortality may be derived from the interminable elevation and expansion of the intellectual faculties.

Who can tell what brilliant thoughts the mind is capable of conceiving, what vast and mighty wonders it is capable of achieving?

Contracted may be its range and feeble its efforts while confined within the narrow bounds of time, owing to the deterioration and limited nature of organs, through which it operates, but when emancipated from the thralldom of mortality, it shall be forever develop-

ing its wondrous powers, and augmenting its intellectual resources.

“The mind cannot always sleep in dust,
Whose essence is ethereal, they may try
To darken and degrade it—it may rush
Dimly awhile, but cannot wholly die ;
And when it wakens, it will send its fire
Intenser forth and higher.”

It is the mind, the intellectual faculty, the capacity for endless improvement in knowledge, that gives dignity and pre-eminence to man, and shall this complicated piece of mechanism possessed of properties and capabilities so lofty, and striking, and wondrous, fall into ruin ?

Shall mind with its high and glorious hopes, its bright and beautiful imaginings, its glory, and dignity, and majesty be lost in the darkness and destruction of the sepulcher ?

This can never be, for it is a bright ray of immortal effulgence, a brilliant star shedding its glorious radiance over the pathway of human life and pointing to the skies.

“It shines forever ;
And like a watch tower to the infidel,
Shows there’s a land to come.”

III. The ardent desires and longings after immortality, afford strong presumptive evidence in its favor.

It is not in the nature of man to be satisfied with the things of time and sense, he is constantly looking forward to new scenes of interest and enjoyments.

When we look abroad over the face of human society and view the ardent gaspings after happiness and hear the anxious inquiry 'who will show us any good;' when we behold the conflicting schemes which are in operation for its attainment, and the anarchy and confusion that exist in consequence of the opposition of those schemes, we are constrained to acknowledge that felicity, perfect and unalloyed, is not a thing of earth.

Contemplate man, under every aspect, and in every situation of human life, whether reposing on the summit of affluence, or toiling in the vale of poverty, and you will find him dissatisfied with the present, sickened with the past, anxious for the future.

This dissatisfaction with all present enjoyments, and this longing after some future good, is a plain indication that beyond this visionary scene there is a world of fadeless bliss, where the restless desires of the human heart shall be fully met, and where the immortal spirits shall drink the living waters of bliss, without measure, and without end.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
Man never is, but always to be blest,
The soul uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

Man lives upon the future, and it is not in the power of all earthly things combined, to repress the ardor of his desire, or to annihilate his delicious dreams of hope.

But why such delightful anticipations, such ardent longings after immortality?

"'Tis the divinity that stirs within us" and in silent yet impressive eloquence proclaims that we are destined for another, and a nobler state of being.

What shall be offered as a substitute for immortality?

Shall annihilation—the blackness of darkness forever, an eternal sleep from which we shall never awake, an everlasting forgetfulness of those we love?

Oh, to die, and to have nothing before us but night, impenetrable—moonless—endless night!

To die, and bid farewell forever to all the loved and lost of earth—how agonizing the thought, how painful the reflection, how repugnant to all the finer feelings and tender sensibilities of the human heart!

IV. The analogy of nature tends to illustrate and confirm the doctrine of immortality.

In the vegetable world, we see organized matter continually changing its form, undergoing various modifications, yet never totally destroyed or annihilated.

The grain of wheat which is cast into the bosom of the earth, "is not quickened except it die."

It becomes decomposed, and after having passed through a mysterious process beneath the surface of the ground, it springs up, a beautiful, vigorous and healthy plant.

The sluggish worm, which undergoes a species of death, and buries itself in a tomb of its own making, springs again to life, a gay and active creature, more beautiful in appearance, with new appetites and powers.

"Why, then, should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?"

In the winter of the year "the grass withereth, the

flower fadeth," and over the whole vegetable kingdom desolation and death seem to reign triumphant."

Yet nothing perishes and dies totally and forever.

Nature is "not dead, but sleepeth," and when the cold blasts of winter are over, the genial spring shall infuse fresh life and vigour into her exhausted powers, and clothe the fields and gardens with their wonted verdure and beauty.

Why then, may not we indulge the soothing hope that at some future period a "renovating spring may visit the mouldering urn, and shed its genial and life-giving influences over the faded blossoms of earth."

"Shall I be left abandoned in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flowers revive ?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live ?
No ; Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of love's triumphant
reign."

When we are called to follow to the silent graveyard the dear objects of our affections, or when we re-visit the hallowed spot, where lie their mouldering ashes, how sweet and soothing to the wounded spirit to feel that they are "not lost, but gone before," to the land of light, and glory, and cloudless day.

Oh, tell me that darkness and death shall not triumph forever over all that is bright and beautiful in the creation of God, that blank and cheerless oblivion shall not close the dreary portals of the sepulcher,

and shroud the fairest forms of human beauty and loveliness in eternal night.

Tell me that the victory of the grave shall not be forever, nor its reign perpetual, that there is a mighty and mysterious being who can "destroy death, and him that hath the power of death," and emancipate the immortal spirit from the corruption and dishonor of the tomb, tell me that the friend I have loved and lost shall be restored to me again, arrayed in all the splendor of an incorruptible and glorious body ; and that I shall see it with my own eyes, and speak to it with my own lips, and walk along with it by the banks of that river which flows through the midst of the Paradise of God, tell me *this*, and you infuse new joy into my broken heart, and new life and vigor into my worn and wearied spirit.

Beyond the flight of time—
Beyond the reign of death—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath ;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire."

J U D I T H . *

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

Femineâque animi Judith in mente virilis.—*Alcimus*

THE blow is struck ;—Assyria's mighty Lord,
A headless trunk, lies weltering on the sward.
Judith hath triumphed : through the camp is spread
Vast consternation, by one Hebrew maid.
Courage and counsel, 'mid the general fright,
Forsake the trembling hosts which take to flight.
Scattered in wild confusion, lo! they fill
The pathway of the field, the fastness of the hill.

This scene, amazed, the Sons of Israel view ;
With shouts and clanging trumpets they pursue ;
From all the country, and from every town,
Their chosen young men pour in torrents, down
Upon the Assyrian ranks, that rent and riven,
Before the lightning of their swords are driven.

When to the camp, still desolately gay,
Men of Bethulia bend their eager way.
Where priceless spoils and numberless they find,
Left by the Assyrians in their flight, behind.

Charmed by the feat of Judith, and her fame.

* See the Book of Judith, 15th and 16th chapters.

The High Priest Joachim to Bethulia came,
With all his Ancients, from Jerusalem :
And as she stands before the Priest and them,
All, in one burst of simultaneous praise,
Blessing the maiden, thus their voices raise :
“ Thou art the glory of Jerusalem,
The joy of Israel ; the purest gem,
And brightest honor of our race thou art ;
Thou hast done manfully ; thy timid heart
Was nerved to courage ; God hath strengthened thee,
For thou hast loved and cherished chastity :
None save thy husband hast thou e’er carest,
Forever, therefore, shall thy name be blest.”

On Judith all the treasures, they bestow,
Of Holifernes, whom her arm laid low ;
While women, tender virgins, and young men
With harps and instruments rejoice again.

The heroine, then, whose trust was not in man,
But in the Lord, this canticle began :

“ Let the timbrels loudly ring,
To the Lord with cymbals sing ;
Tune a new psalm — his might proclaim,
Extol and call upon his name.
To the wars an end he gave,
He the people deigned to save :
In their midst his camp he set,
When the enemy we met.
From the northern mountains poured
On the field, the Assyrian I ord,
In his multitude of force,

Choaking up the torrent's course,
Covering the valleys far
With his serried steeds of war,
Vaunting, in resistless haste,
With fire my borders to lay waste ;
In my young men's blood to slake
Their thirsty swords ; a prey to take
My infants ; and my virgins fair
To bind as captives to his car.
But the Lord's avenging stroke
The boasting tyrant's power hath broke,
And a feeble woman's hand
Crushed the terror of the land.
No young man's athletic blow
Laid the proud Assyrian low ;
Nor did the sons of Titan smite,
Or giants huge against him fight ;
But a maid — Merari's child —
On the foe destruction smiled ;
By the beauty of her face,
Judith rescued Israel's race :
She laid the widow's weeds aside,
And took the robes of joy and pride ;
Ointment on her cheek she shed,
And binding round her scented head
A sparkling crown, a garment new
Upon her graceful form she threw :
Her saddles sparkled to his eyes,
Her beauty ravished by surprise.
She grasped the sword with courage dread,
And severed from the trunk his head.
The Persians saw, and quaked with fright,

The Medes looked pale upon the sight,
And when the doleful tale was told,
The camp of the Assyrians howled ;
For then, too late, the foemen knew
The sons of damsels pierced them through :
Away, like children, they have fled,
Or on the battle-field lie dead.
Then raise to him whose mighty nod
Scattered their armies — raise to God
A hymn of gratitude and love —
A new hymn to our God above.
O Adonai ! whom we adore,
Lord ! great and glorious is thy power,
With thee the foe that dares contend
Shall yield and perish in the end.
Let all thy creatures serve thee, Lord !
For thou didst make them with a word,
Thy potent voice all things obey ;
The hills and waters own thy sway ;
Among the rocks thy power is felt —
Before thy face, like wax they melt-
Woe to the nation that would stand
Against my people ! thy right hand
Will smite them, in their proud array,
With vengeance, on the judgment day.
And fire and worms thy wrath shall give
Forever on their flesh to live ! ”

Then to Jerusalem, the Lord to adore,
In countless numbers did the people pour :
Fair Judith brought, arrayed in all her charms —
An offering of Holifernes’ arms :

Throughout the sanctuary joy prevailed,
And three months heard victorious Judith hailed.
A festival the Hebrews still hold dear,
And with religious pomp commemorate each year.

New York, 1845.

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DOMESTIC HAPPINESS

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD

“——Domestic happiness! Thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the fall!”

THERE is an Elysium for man. It is not to be found in the dance of pleasure; nor at the shrine of fashion; nor on the crowded thoroughfares of life; nor in the eager race for wealth and fame. Disappointment and *restless* anxiety mark the varied pursuits of man—the pleasures of sense are momentary—the triumphs of ambition are short—the laurels of honor wither and fade—the crown of glory drops quickly from the conqueror’s brow, and the music, that *once* cheered him, falls dull and powerless upon his soul. Others succeed him in the struggle for happiness; but they retire, weary and worn. Hope may, for a season, have created images of beauty and gladness; but like

“Th’ illusive meteors of a lifeless fire,
Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire.”

Ah! sad picture this of human life! And is it true that there are no light shades? Is there no *oasis* in the desert—no verdant spot, to which the eye of man may look with hope—no Elysium, where all is music



Domestic Circle

to the ear, verdure to the eye, and velvet to the foot ? We shall be pointed, I know, to the sublime revelations of the spirit-world, and told to listen to those voices which speak of “ a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” But these are objects of faith, and lie in the dim and shadowy future. And the heart naturally turns to earth and anxiously inquires, whether the kind Father has provided no refuge for his earth-born children ? Whatever may be the reply of the cynic or skeptic, we believe He has. The *family circle*, where love glows in every heart and beams in every eye, is a sweet, pure emblem of heaven.— And he who has found a trustful, true-hearted, loving wife, whom he can truly call his own, may exclaim, with the delighted philosopher, “ Eureka ! eureka ! ”

“ The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love ”—

To rest, in confiding fondness, upon her bosom—to feel that her heart beats in unison with his—to share her joys and sorrows—to listen to her expressions of tenderness, as to the music of an angel—to *know* that he is enthroned in her heart's best affections : *this* is happiness next to the bliss of heaven.

Erasmus, an ancient writer, asks, “ Is there any friendship, among mortals, comparable to that between husband and wife ? For the love of you, she ceases to value the tenderness of parents, brothers, sisters—to *you* alone she looks for happiness ; on you she depends, and with you she wishes to live and to die.”—

Are you rich? You have one to share your prosperity and double your happiness. Are you poor? You are not left to battle against the dark waves of trouble alone; she comforts you; sits by your side; speaks of brighter days and serener skies; waits upon you, with all the assiduity and tenderness of woman's love, and only wishes that she could appropriate to herself the misfortune which gives you pain. Rogers, the poet, has done justice to the pure devotion of a loving wife.

Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off, as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light,
Shining *within*, when all *without* is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasure, and his *cares* dividing.

There is truth as well as poetry in these lines. It would seem that even the cold-hearted Byron caught something of the inspiration of love, when he said,

"Bound where thou wilt, my bark, or glide my prow,
But be the star that guides the wanderer thou!
Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark,
The dove of peace and promise to mine ark:
Or since that hope deny'd in worlds of strife,
Be *thou* the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!"

The unbought affections of a generous and noble wife are a solace and a treasure, which, though scorned by the treacherous and thoughtless, will be appreciated and valued by the virtuous and the good. But there is another feature in domestic life which adds beauty to the scene. If there be children, there will be an increase of mutual love, and consequently an increase of happiness.

A young clergyman, who had recently become a father, as he dandled the little cherub upon his knee, remarked, in ecstasies, to the writer, "O, brother, a new class of emotions is awakened in my heart—a new world of bliss and beauty is mine! I feel that I am a better and a *happier* man than I was before I received this precious gift." And the mild, dark eye of his lovely wife brightened, and her pale cheek crimsoned, as though every feeling of her heart was responsive to his.

The nursery has often alleviated the fatigues of the bar, the Senate house, and the pulpit. Statesmen and heroes have shut out the acclamations of an applauding world, to enjoy the prattle of their little ones and partake the endearments of the family circle.—They knew that even their warmest admirers, in the common relations and intercourse of life, were, in some degree, actuated by interested motives, in displaying their affection—that many of their followers applauded them in hopes of reward. But the attention paid them at their fire-side—the smiles which made home a scene of perpetual sunshine, were the fruits of undissembled love. And it is to *this* hallowed enclosure that they have retreated from the conflicting interests

and opinions which agitate the external world. Here they have laid off the dignity of station to indulge in the caresses of affection and in the sports of childhood. It is not unmanly thus to unbend oneself and become a child with children. Its tendency is to amend and elevate the heart—to soften the rough asperities of our nature: it is, indeed, one of the purest sources of mirth. The great Author of evangelical religion has taught us to emulate the truthful simplicity of the infantile age. He seems himself to have been delighted with children, and found in them what he in vain sought among the Pharisaical and the proud—*uncorrupted purity* of heart. Among the great variety of pictures which the vivid imagination of Homer has displayed throughout the *Iliad*, none is more pleasing than the family piece, which represents the parting interview between Hector and Andromache. It is full of inimitable pathos and beauty, and *deeply* interests the heart while it delights the imagination. The hero ceases to be terrible that he may become amiable.—We *admire* him, while he stands completely armed in the field of battle; but we *love* him more while he is taking off his helmet that he may not frighten his little boy with its nodding plumes. We are refreshed with the tender scene of domestic love, while all around breathes rage and discord. We are pleased to see the arm which is shortly to deal death and destruction among a host of foes, employed in caressing an infant son with the embraces of paternal love. A professed critic would attribute the pleasing effect to contrast; but the heart has declared, previously to the inquiries of criticism, that it is chiefly derived from the satisfac-

tion which we naturally take in beholding great characters mingling in the scenes and sharing the sympathies of domestic life.

Cicero, with all his patriotism and power of oratory, retired from the public arena to seek his elysium in the expressions of conjugal and filial affection; and he, at one time, acknowledged that he received no satisfaction in any company but that of his wife, his little daughter, and, to use his own epithet, his *honied* young Cicero.

Sir Thomas More, who has secured that pre-eminence which men award to the majesty of genius, has left it on record that he devoted a great share of his time, from the united motives of duty and delight, to the amusement of his children. But notwithstanding all this authority from the Bible, to the sayings of the philosopher and the poet, in favor of the purity and permanency of domestic pleasures, to many they unfortunately appear insipid, unmanly, and capable of satisfying none but the weak, the spiritless, the unaspiring, and the effeminate. There are those, in these days of modern reform, who would gladly annihilate the marriage relation, and denounce it as an unnecessary and an unauthorized restraint upon the passions of man. With cloven foot they would enter the domestic sanctuary, where all is purity and love, and where affections, all warm and sensitive, are gushing forth in tenderness, and deaf to all their entreaties, would cruelly sunder them from the objects of their endearment, like demons of wrath, who knew no pity, heard no groans, and felt no relenting! Such pretenders to reform would love to figure on the theatre

of a French revolution, and immortalize themselves by making the Bible a bonfire, and the world a wide scene of lawless and hopeless abandonment ! We can but weep over their folly and wickedness, while, with pious enthusiasm, we cling to the sacred institution, which made Eden a *paradise*, and is, indeed, the connecting link between earth and heaven.

But it may still be objected by those who pretend to have formed their ideas of life from actual observation, that domestic happiness, however pleasing in description, like many a poetic dream, is but an alluring picture, designed by a good heart, and painted in glowing colors by a lively fancy. They maintain that the constant company, even of those we love, occasions an insipidity—that insipidity grows into disgust ; disgust, long continued, sours the temper. Peevishness is the natural consequence—the domestic circle becomes the scene of alienation and angry dispute—and love and charity, those angel graces that nestle around the family altar, take their departure. Mrs. Caudle may have witnessed such scenes in real life, and behind the drapery of fiction may be concealed some vestiges of truth. But that there are, here and there, isolated instances of domestic misery, is no argument that there is no domestic happiness. We doubt not but the young and the thoughtless often rush into the marriage relations without any affinity of thought and feeling, and they reap the reward of their indiscretion. In the forced alliance, which the poet of *Venusium* mentions, of the serpent with the dove—of the tiger with the lamb—there can be no true love. When we expatiate on the happiness of the domestic group,

we presuppose that there is a mutual blending of sympathies and hearts. Pure, intelligent love, is the basis of all real happiness in the marriage relations.—Neither wealth, nor beauty, nor family distinctions, must be substituted for this.

“Love is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts compos’d of stars consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy,
To work each other’s joy and true content.”

We conclude by saying that, to form, under the direction of prudence, and by the impulses of virtuous love, an early conjugal attachment, is one of the best securities of virtue, as well as the surest means of happiness. The duties which are imperiously called forth by the relations of husband and father, are of that tender kind which awaken the purest and sublimest emotions. He who beholds a confiding woman whom he loves, and an helpless infant, looking up to him for support, will not easily be induced to indulge in idleness, folly, or crime—he is held by golden cords. And thus it is that many who, in their individual or unconnected state, would probably have spent a life not only useless to others, but profligate and abandoned in itself, have risen to eminence and handed their names, with honor, down to posterity, by linking their destiny with an amiable, intelligent, and virtuous woman. “Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.”

OUR WORLD IS FULL OF JOY

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

There are who say this world is drear,
With many a thorn upon its path,
That joy conceals the latent tear,
And every smile its weeping hath.

Sad Prophets of the Cheerless Heart !
They ne'er perceive Life's gladsome smile ;
And when it comes, they shrink and start,
So fearful they of Pleasure's guile.

If Life's a grave, why sit they here ?
If Life's a pang, why court its pain ?
Why bring their dark forebodings near,
With Disappointment in their train ?

'Tis well to know this world is not
The resting place we look for all,—
We come—we go—we are forgot,—
And careless footsteps o'er us fall.

Yet many a whisper comes to me,
Of holier hours and calm repose,
Where beauty leads my soul to see
The unsullied light she round me throws.

This Life is dark to souls that cling
Tenacious round the scenes of earth,
That earnest seek some base-born thing,
Unknowing joys of purer birth.

But sinless spirits gaze around,
And sinless joys spring forth to view,
For sinless hearts are ever found
Investing Life with sinless hue.

These spirits seem to look on earth,
With vision taught in Heaven's pure clime,
And, gazing far, to know the worth
Of learning in this vale of Time.

They see a world of wondrous mould,
With flowers, and streams, and vales, and hills,
Which Heaven's bright beams fore'er enfold,
And fill them all with rapture thrills.

So speaks the Love Divine to thee,
Be pure, and pure all things will seem ;
This sin-marked world will blissful be,
Till lost in Heaven's unfading beam.

LETTER TO COUSIN 'BEL'.

WOULD you believe it, 'Bel'—that there is poetry in a woodpile—genuine unmitigated poetry, dipped up from the very heart of Helicon. *Would* you believe it? Well, there is; and, what is better still, it is not a moth born of the sunshine; but a genuine bird of Parnassus, dashing rain-diamonds from its wings, and weaving rainbows, and turning rain-clouds into—whatever you choose—the friars cowl and gown, or the ermine and velvet of St. James, as your taste suggests. But it is a Niobe; or rather a Venus bathing in an upper sea; for the muse of the woodpile, you must know, is a rain-divinity. To illustrate. We have had a week—oh, *such* a week! If I possessed any mechanical skill it would have made a Noah of me, six days ago. Drizzle, drizzle! patter, patter! from darkness to darkness; for the day is one continued twilight, the damp light coming in and going out at its usual hours, as though it acted only from a sense of duty—sick and dizzy enough, mean-while, to prefer being alone. The night too—but nights never hang heavily on my hands, thanks to the little people from Dreamland.

Did you ever spend a rainy day in the country, 'Bel'? You will say yes; for now I have asked, I recollect one or two when you were with us. But Walter was here then; so, of course, your sun shone.

Once imagine those rainy days without a lover, 'Bella ; and then think of seven of them all in a row, so near a like that you cannot distinguish one from its twin ; and you must keep an almanac in your hand to prove to yourself that yesterday has not come back again to cheat you into living a stale day. By the way, what a fresh life we have of it ; forever using new time, moments just coined from stray fragments of eternity, soiled by nobody's breath, and thrown by as soon as tarnished or embalmed by ours. Not quite thrown by either. They are following after us, a line of strange things strangely broidered over, to buoy us heavenward like the tail of a kite, or drag us down, a chain of lead. "Revenous a nos montons."

The woodpile. There it stands with the water drip, dripping from it—all motionless, and meek as Mooly, "midway in the marshy pool." (You admire musical sounds, 'Bel' ; and there is alliteration for you, worthy of Laura Matilda, or Laureate Southey.) Drip ! drip !—there's something chiding in that woodpile—a dumb reverence for what is, which makes me ashamed of wishing for the ninty-ninth time, as I was on the point of doing, that the rain "*would* be over and gone." Resigned to the decrees of Providence ! oh, it *is* a hard thing, 'Bel'. Think of our hopes as they are first formed, with a heart-throb in ever tiny bud—then think of them as they begin to expand blushing, brightening, bursting out from the envious green, fresh and glorious—our gay gorgeous hopes—think of them in their glad beauty, and watch the coming of the rain-storm. How they strive to stand, poor perishable things ? How they wave, and quiver, and wrestle ;

and then see their bright petals swept downward and scattered, gemming the wet ground, before one sunray had given them a baptismal kiss. Lost before named ! Poor hopes ! Pitiabie hoppers !

Not poetry, did you say ? Well, it is philosophy then ; and I am by no means sure that there is the difference of a maple and an elm stick between the two. I am inclined to believe that the same divinity presides over both. To be sure poetry shows the dimpled foot, mantled only by the hem of a lady's robe ; while philosophy strides off in buskin and hosen ; but you may see them step behind the scenes at any moment and change in attire.

I have gained quite an affection for that woodpile, since I have had nothing else to look at ; and it went to my heart this morning to have a heavy armful transferred to my room, for the purpose of correcting the dampness of the atmosphere. I felt as though committing a kind of sacrilege, worse still, burning my monitor, because perhaps its teachings chid me. And then when the wild flames were all raving around it—how could I help, 'Bel', unclasping a clasp, and looking into the morrow of a little trembler, who would fain cling a life-long to the present ! My life has been one track of roses ; I have imbibed their freshness and drank their perfume ; my smiles have been heart-born, and every tear has had a rainbow in it. I have led a happy, happy life, 'Bel'—thank God ! who has granted every blessing to a hoping mother's prayers:—but a wiser than the hoping has said, "If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness ; for they shall be many." Not

entire darkness, 'Bel'; for I know of stars that will always sparkle, of lamps that will always burn; but still there are days of trial awaiting me—perhaps in the distance, perhaps very near, even at the door. I cannot die, till my lip has pressed the bitter. Heaven help me then; and not me alone, but all of us!

I wish you could sit by me this morning and see my fire burn. There is John Rogers himself, with his picket-fence of little people, to keep him from running away, just as he stands in the primer; and there is the veritable hero, Jack-the-giant-killer, if I am to judge by the enormous club he carries, three times the size of himself; and there—there, as I live, is your own Broadway, the genuine article, the shops all tricked out in finery and the passers-by in the same way bedizened—all walking show-cases. And now the fire-scene changes, and I look into a magnificent palace—my foot is aching just to press that gorgeous carpet, and—there, a stick has rolled down upon it, and my palace is in the condition of many another one that I have builded. That big stick of maple seems to me like a martyr suffering for opinion's sake. Certainly it is the very stick that I saw yesterday turning its bleached face heavenward with a submissiveness which had no sigh in it; and, with its last year's green for a text, it preached me a long sermon. It was not a very agreeable one, however. Shall I tell you a few things it wrote on my heart?

I never afflicted myself much at the decay of empires—never gave half as many tears to the downfall of all the mighty mourning places of the old world combined, as I shed over the grave I dug in child hood.

for a poor broken-winged robin, I had striven to win back to life. My heart is not big enough for that kind of sympathy ; and there is no use in trying to convince me that there is a place in the world of quite as much consequence as Alderbrook. If I should wake some of these mornings and find the houses all turned into stacks of chimneys (we have few Grecian pillars, and such like unnecessaries, so our ruins would not be very romantic) and the direction of the only nice street we have, such a disputable thing that the antiquarians of Crow-Kill would wrangle about it forever after—I say if I should awake and find changes like these, I should probably weep a few such tears as have, during the lapse of centuries, bathed the ruins that claim the world for mourners. But, after all, it would be nothing in comparison with seeing a new grave dug over the white stile yonder among the cypresses. The decay of life, the extinguishing of the lamp lighted by the hand of God,—oh, there is something in that which I can feel. I do not know what kind of life there was in that maple-tree last summer—how high, how glorious, how much like this which is now reveling in my veins and bubbling at my heart—but I do know that there was life in it. And life, of whatever kind, is a mysterious, a fearfully mysterious thing. But it is gone now ; and the living tree which gloried in the sunlight, and wrestled with the winds of heaven—that had veins and arteries through which the life-current wandered as through mine, is degraded to the impassiveness of the stone—below the stone in its earlier perishableness, as the human frame is below that in a more revolting dissolution. Sometimes I fancy, as the

stick lies smouldering in that crust of gray ashes, that the principle of life has not yet departed from it ;—for, the unwilling yielding to the flame, the occasional brightening up, as though a hoping soul looked through it, the half mirthful crackle, and the low mournful song like its own requiem, all seem to speak of an inner life, which the axe of the woodman failed to reach. I observe too, as I watch it, fragments crumbling back into ashes ; while, above, floats off a blue wreath, waving and curling—winging its way heaven-ward with all the gladness of an emancipated spirit. Will you believe with me, 'Bella, that this is the same spirit which animated the living leaves of the maple-tree, when they coquetted with the summer sunlight, and folded the wind-geni in their green arms, and whispered, with their fresh lips, of things, which, I suppose, the birds know more about than we ? Why should it not be ? I have no objection to the Indian's plan of taking dogs, and horses, and other loveable things, to heaven ; though I am not sure that I should like to see him chase the "spotted Fomen," or put a veto on the flourish of bright wings ; but I think all these will be a study for us there. Our natures have become contracted in this cramped-up breathing-place where we are hustled about, and jostled against each other till self-protection—*self*, *self*-every-thing—is the one chord vibrating to our every breath. We have arranged a book of Nature, and put ourselves in as a frontispiece ; (*the picture—other living things, only the border,*) but the whole may be reversed in Heaven.

“——Just as short of reason he may fall,
Who thinks all made for one as one for all.”

And what egotism to believe our own the only deathless spirits to pass from this bright earth to a brighter Paradise! Ourselves alone gifted with the true life—all things else cursed with a mockery, a semblance, like the Iris-head bubble to the sun.

But, 'Bel,' I do hope this maple stick is as insensible as it seemed on the woodpile yesterday; for I have no great fancy for playing the executioner, though it did teach me an ugly lesson. What that lesson was I have only hinted at yet; it is scarce a thing to repeat to one so bright and joyous as you are. Perhaps you never think of the dark phantoms that trouble the existence of other mortals—but oh, 'Bel', death is a thing to dread! And then it is such an ever-present thing;—we are reminded of it every moment of our lives. There is no hour so sacred, no place so secure, but we cast a look over the shoulder at the fearful shape following us. At dawn and at dew-fall, at noon-tide blaze, and in the star-broidered midnight, it is all the same.

When day is dying in the west,
Each flickering ray of crimson light,
The sky, in gold and purple dressed,
The cloud, with glory all bedight,
And every shade that ushers night,
And each cool breeze that comes to weave
Its dampness with my curls—all leave
A lesson sad.

Last night I plucked a half-shut flower,
Which blushed and nodded on its stem;

A thing to grace a Peri's bower ;
It seemed to me some priceless gem,
Dropped from an angel's diadem ;
But soon the blossom drooping lay,
And, as it withered, seemed to say,
We're passing all !

I loved a fair-haired, gentle boy,
(A bud of brightness—ah, too rare !)
I loved him, and I saw with joy,
Heaven's purity all centered there ;
But he went up, that Heaven to share ,
And, as his spirit from him stole,
His last look, graved upon my soul,
Learn thus to die !

I've seen the star that glowed in heaven,
When other stars seemed half asleep,
As though from its proud station driven,
Go rushing down the azure steep,
Thro' space unmeasured, dark, and deep ;
And, as it vanished far in night,
I read by its departing light,
Thus perish all !

I've, in its dotage, seen the year
Worn out and weary, struggling on,
Till, falling prostrate on its bier,
Time marked another cycle gone ;
And, as I heard the dying moan,
Upon my trembling heart, there fell
The awful words, as by a spell,
Death—death to all !

They come on every breath of air,
Which sighs its feeble life away ;
They're whispered by each blossom fair,
Which folds a lid at close of day ;
There's nought of earth or sad or gay,
There's nought below the star-lit skies,
But leaves one lesson as it flies—

Thou too must die !

And numberless those silvery chords,
Dissevered by the Spoiler's hand,
But each in breaking still affords,
A tone to say we all are banned ;
And on each brow by death-damps spanned,
The pall, the slowly moving hearse
Is traced the burden of my verse,—

Death—death to man !

Ah ! the strong, the mighty may well turn pale, and quake, and shrivel, and mewl, even as an infant in its swaddlings, with that skeleton finger stealthily winding itself among the warm, blood-full veins, turning them to ice as it goes. With that dark sovereign of a darksome hour looking into his eyes and counting through these faithful mirrors the pulsations of the heart below ; scattering, one by one, the sands from his glass, and stealing, drop by drop, the life from its fountain, the brave strong-souled man may measure courage with the timed maiden, and never blush to find an equal in heroism. To have those who have loved, caressed, and watched over us with sleepless attention, turn loathingly from us and hustle us into

the earth, among the stones and festering germs of poisonous weeds with the frozen clods upon our bosoms, to moulder in darkness and gloom, to be trod upon and forgotten; while beautiful beings that we could love, oh so dearly! are flitting above us; and the light is glancing; and birds, drunk with joyousness, wheeling and careering in the sunbeam; and all the world going on merrily as when our hearts went with it—oh! what has man's courage, man's strength, man's stern self-control, to offer against such an overwhelming certainty! There is so much in this dear beautiful world, too, for the heart to cling to! What is there in the sad catalogue of human suffering like wrenching away

“———That holy link which first,
Within the soul's rich mine, was moulded;
When life awoke, and love's pure wing,
Another nestling close enfolded?

We turn to the hearth-stone in the hour of pain, and nestle back upon a mother's bosom; and we say we cannot leave it—we cannot die. A father's proud eye is on us, ambition blossoms in our hearts beneath it; and then, how stiflingly steal over us thoughts of the coffin and the grave! How *can* we die in the dew of our morning with all those glowing visions unrealized! How can we pass in age when the thousand chains, which we have been our life-long forging, are all linked to the bright, beautiful things here, which we can but love! Father in Heaven, teach me trust in thee. As these chords which thou hast strung lose

tone and canker against thy cunning workmanship, gather them into thine own hand, and attune them anew to accord with the harps of angels. Teach me trust in thee ; that when the coffin-lid shuts out the sunshine, and the green-bladed grass springs between my breast and the feet of the living, I may still be in the midst of light, and joy and love—love measureless as eternity.

I had quite forgotten that I was writing a letter, 'Bel', and have jotted down the thoughts as they came tumbling to the point of my pen, with a merciless lack of consideration for you, who are probably basking in the mirth-giving brightness of a sunny morning. But by this will you discover that a rainy day in the country is not without its uses. It gives us thinking-time, and that lengthens our lives :—none live so fast and have so few way-marks as the butterflies. Besides, thought is the father of action—so, to that great sheet of mist, and the dripping rain, and the beaded grass, and the miry streets, many a good deed may owe its parentage. But now my stick of maple is nearly charred, and my eyes are trying to hide themselves behind pairs of fringes which are nearing each other for an embrace. I will to sleep, 'Bel', with a looking-glass in the window, to give me intelligence of the first strip of blue that disengages itself from the prisoning clouds. Adieu, my bright cousin. All good attend you, and no more rain visit New York than may be needed as a thought-maker.

Thine forever,

FANNY FORESTER.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

“He died in the midst of his glory.”

Happy are they who die in youth, when their
renown is around them.—*Ossian*.

In the midst of his glory ?—well, let him depart,
While the life-blood of virtue was thrilling the heart,
With his hopes in their glow, and his loves warm as
youth,
By the world ne’er deceived, its promises truth,
With his fresh-gathered wreaths all dewy and bright,
On manhood’s rich brow as a circle of light.

In the midst of his glory ’twere well he should die,
‘Like the free bird, to pass to his home in the sky,’
While grief from the heart in true agony flows ;
And the long sable plume no mockery shows :
With the lay on his lip, his lyre in full tune,
Its strings gently quivering to the breezes of noon ;
No dust on his sandals, no sweat on his brow,
His garments unsoiled, and the seal of his vow
Unmarred by long travel, or wandering abode,
He has entered forever the house of his God.

The aged and poor—would ye theirs were his lot
Whose bays have grown sere, whom the world has
forgot,

Who seem but as linked to the deeds and the men
Of far other times, whom these may not ken ;
Whose friends have departed—whose loved ones have
 flown—

Who lean on the staff and but wander alone :
Who no longer receive from the crowd, as they go,
Adulation and song, forms in homage bent low ;
Whose deeds we record as the olden in time,
Whose hearts and whose harps to lost music must
 chime.

In the midst of his glory, oh ! who would not go,
Nor tarry on earth till his pulses be low ;
His laurel wreath withered, his name but a song,
Or sullied by sin, or blasted by wrong ;
Till his sun in its occident waning and dim,
Shine aslant, and life's *shadows* be lengthened to him,
Till he have outlived e'en his choicest desires,
And his hand smite no more his harp's thrilling wires,
Or he shall rise up at the song of the bird,
And the daughters of music no longer be heard,
While broadly shall flourish the boor almond-tree ;
And the grasshopper e'en a burden shall be ;
Who would envy them thus, in their threescore years,
The length of their days ; mine own eyes with tears
Oft o'erflow as I gaze, and the pulse of my heart
Beats ; in midst of his glory 'twere well to depart.

Yet, brother, forgive me—I owe it to thee,
To thy harp's native gushing, its melody free,
Its spirit-like wanderings, Promethean its fire,
Whose magic spell charmed every friend of the lyre.

While the throng are still wailing, nay, press on thy
bier,

Receive it—I owe it—the dirge and the tear ;
For the skillful hand fallen, the minstrel heart cold,
Deep sorrow and mourning we could not withhold.
'Tis ours to bewail thee, and sore is the heart ;
But for thee, aye, for *thee* it were well to depart.

K

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

It was night, and a time of feasting in Chaldea's proud capitol. The king was there, with his lords and official authorities. He preferred to honor that banquet with his presence, and sat in all the pomp and pride of power, glorying in his rank and wealth. The fashion, the beauty, the chivalry of the realm were assembled. The royal palace sparkled with life, and its brilliantly illuminated walls echoed back the loud peals of laughter and music. It was an exciting scene—the glistening lights—the sparkling wine-cups—the merry song, were calculated to dispel every obtrusive thought and cause every countenance to glow, every eye to kindle, and every heart to *thrill* with the most intense excitement. The king is surrounded by a crowd of sycophants—he is caressed and applauded, until he fancies himself a hero—*almost a god with the multitude*. Intoxicated by wine and flattery, a dark sacrilegious crime enters his heart. He orders the holy temple of God to be invaded, and the golden vessels of the sanctuary to be taken from their quiet resting places.

There is no appearance of sadness or gloom as yet ; for his palace halls are still resounding with the heavy peals of the applauding crowd. The consecrated cups are brought, “and the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines drank in them.” And now, in

sportive glee, they "praise the gods of gold and silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone." But, in a moment, the bright scene is changed—the crest of kingly pride is fallen—the joyous laugh is hushed and still—paleness sits upon every brow, and the multitude stand aghast, as though a thunder-bolt had fallen from the clouds and was about to do the cruel work of destiny. They gaze in mute astonishment on the mysterious hand, now writing strange things on that palace wall! They read, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." These are ominous words; and the thoughts of Belshazzar greatly trouble him, "so that the joints of his loins are loosed, and his knees smite one against another." He gazes, in wild and fearful apprehension, upon the pictures of guilt and the images of terror as they pass in rapid review before him. Not all the charms of music, nor the eloquence of domestic love, can dissipate the gloom which hangs, like a cloud of fearfulness, over his saddened and subdued spirit. His darkest apprehensions are realized, as the Hebrew interpreter solves the strange mystery. His princely possessions are to fall from his hand—his kingdom is to be divided and given to others, and he is to exchange the gay banquet for his Maker's bar, a trial and a sentence! Who that witnessed that scene of revelry—the king in his glory, wielding the sceptre of power, could have anticipated a contrast, so sad and sudden, in the history of that proud monarch of the East? But he stands not alone, on the records of crime, as an illustration of the truth that daring impiety shall not go unpunished. When another king led forth his hosts, and harnessed his horses to pursue a fugitive

and defenseless people, who that saw their proud array, as they passed up out of the land of Egypt, would have believed that a few days would seal their fate, and of all this gallant host, not a single individual would ever return to the land he had left? When Sennacherib brought his army, like locusts, against Judah, and encamped before the Holy City, who that was not inspired with a faith from above, would, for a moment, have indulged the belief that, in a few hours, this immense mass of living and moving beings would be pale and still as the tents that covered them?

The path of transgression is ever fraught with danger, and he who pursues it, is treading upon a land of earthquakes. Like Belshazzar, he may reach the heights of station, and triumph upon a pinnacle of fame—he may sparkle with the crowns and jewels of earth, yet, sooner or later, he must reel from his giddy height into the vale below. Neither genius, talent, or eloquence, can counteract the gravitating forces of depravity, or shield him from the lightnings of retributive justice. We have seen one who blazed with the splendor of intellect, who could wake the slumbering energies of a nation by the power of his oratory, and grasp, with ease, the most difficult and complicated subjects; yet, with all his intellectual acumen, he could no where discover the traces of a Divine hand. The stars looked out from their distant homes upon him, as if to rebuke his folly—the earth, with its garniture of flowers—the air, *every* element seemed to be at war with him, as the very madman of the universe. Would you know who this strange being was, who could look abroad, with admiring gaze, upon the works

of nature, and behold everywhere the evidences of *design*, and yet deny the existence of a *Designer*? Would you know what he had done that he reeled under a ten-fold weight of judgment? His name was Atheist. He had wilfully closed his heart to the entrance of that truth which giveth light. He had added insult to insult to the Divinity above, and given the reins to the appetites of his nature, until the heaviest curses were ready to break upon his soul. I saw him, the astonishment and wonder of every intelligence that has power to look upon the heart of man. He was so infatuated, that while his poor soul staggered under the fierce and withering sirocco of that spirit which rioted in his bosom, he fondly dreamed that he was free—that he had broken away from the slavish fetters of education, and dashed from him the bigotry of olden times. But mark! a hand writing was out against him, and, like Belshazzar, he trembled—he was petulant and uneasy, almost in a rage with his treacherous atheism. I saw him leap, like lightning, from the eminence to which his talent and genius had carried him; and at his bedside I stood, when disease, despair and death, were darkly struggling together, and heard him sound the Julian cry, “O, Gallilean, thou hast conquered me!” His coffin has his clay, and it mingles with dust. A simple stone points to his ashes—a grassy hillock covers a few bones and muscles, and his name is rapidly fading from the memory of man.

I have, in my eye, another form of Belshazzar’s folly. He was one who could charm by the power of song, whose eye kindled with the fire of inspiration as the poetic strain flowed in graceful numbers from

his lips: yet, with all the brilliancy of his imagination, he was a careless devotee of earth—he worshiped in her temple, knelt at her shrine, and was ambitious of her laurels and crowns. Hence, from day to day, you might espy him in her dust and haze, racing for her phantoms, perfectly frenzied in the pursuit of her music and dance. True, at times, he would pause to breathe—true, ever and anon, conscience would set his sins in order before him, and cause him to tremble with fearful apprehensions—true, once and again, the grave would open before him and bury a comrade in crime within its narrow enclosure, or disease would smite him as its victim. Still, the effect was only momentary; and away he would hurry to the hall of mirth or to the scene of revelry, and drown his convictions amid its laughter and music. Time passed, and the world had not been blessed by the efforts of his genius, though he was the hero of song and had reveled amid the creations of his own fancy. No house of penury had he visited—no human grief had he assuaged—no star had he hung over the path to immortality. He had perverted his talent, and earth was the theatre of all his displays—the “ultimatum” of all his hopes—the scene of all his solitudes. But he, like another Belshazzar, was destined to see a hand writing out against him. It sent him, shivering with apprehension, from the gay banquet of flesh and sense. His eye soon ceased to kindle with inspiration, and his mind to glow with imagery. The fountain of imagination was frozen up—the sparkling stream of poetry ceased to flow, and the voice of song forever hushed. He was now in deep trouble, battling with the

heavy waves of affliction. His companions gathered around him and strove to comfort him by referring to his poetry and genius—they handed him the world, with its wreath of honor—its gay panorama of music and mirth. But he frowned upon all, and turned away in disgust, as though it were a sickening mockery of his agony.

I was invited to visit him—he turned upon me a look of unearthly expression, as though he would say, “Pray for me.” I knelt and prayed, and while I prayed he died. But, methought, I could spy the tear still glistening on his pathway, which had dropped from the eye, wet for the sins of his soul.

THE PROSPERITY OF SCIENCE.

A Poem written on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth Anniversary of Union College, Schenectady.

BY REV. WM. MCJIMSEY.

NEAR Mohawk's river, Halls of Science stand,
From which goes forth an impulse through the land,
To form the minds and hearts of rising youth,
And lead them on to Learning and to Truth.

Bright Science here time's honored laurels yields,
More dear than fame won on earth's battle fields ;
Taste, Genius, Talents, Virtue, all combine,
To spread their honors on its hallowed shrine.

Improvement springs from Education's power,
Where friendship grows amid the College bower,
Association's magic voice recalls
The scenes of life that once did cheer its walls.

More pure than waters from Castilian streams,
And bright as virtue with light's brilliant beams
Should be the impulse from our College Halls,
And all the honors that adorn their walls.

Oh happy impulse of Religion's light,
That spreads around peace, freedom, science, bright,

The fountains, pure the streams shall also be,
And nations shall their influence feel and see.

Where once untutored Indians wild did roam,
The Muses find their welcome and their home ;
The rapid car, joined with the force of steam,
Makes distant scenes like prospects of a dream.

Our Alma Mater, not unknown to fame,
May still increase the glory of her name,
And where sweet Mohawk's silver waters flow,
The tree of Truth and Knowledge strong shall grow.

Let brighter laurels yet her halls adorn,
And music's echoes please at night and morn,
When Learning flows from the Pierian Spring,
May Zion's hill Salvation's accents bring.

The Word of Life with beams of joy shall shine,
The flowers of Taste and wreaths of Love entwine,
Long may the lamp of Truth and Science burn,
And deathless Hope illumine the Scholar's urn.

When Nature glows with beauty, and the sky
With sweet enchantment strikes the Poet's eye ;
The light of Genius from her halls shall blaze,
And Freedom's spirit future honors raise.

THE WHITE FLOWER.

A TALE.

BY MRS. D. ELLEN GOODMAN

"THERE stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
Spread its blue sheet that flashed with many an oar ;
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake
And the deer drank : as the light gale flew o'er,
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore :
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there."
BRYANT.

Two hundred years — what a mighty change have they wrought over the broad, fair face of happy New England ! How have the proud, pathless forests dwindled away before the axe of the bold settler ; how have princely cities and flourishing villages been reared where once a deep and uncultivated wilderness lay in silence unbroken, save by the shrill cry of the untutored savage, and the yell of ferocious beasts. And the red men, then the sole proprietors of the soil, the bold and free with their dark-eyed sons and daughters, where are they ? Alas ! their race has withered and died : they have been driven back from their own broad lands and the graves of their fathers, until not a trace of their footsteps is visible. Not tamely and timidly did they submit to these invasions, not wil-

lingly did they give up their homes and their hunting grounds: but with terrible vengeance, they often turned upon their pursuers, and the green earth was moistened with the white man's blood. Many a bold and brave adventurer, and noble, and innocent too, fell a victim to savage cruelty, and while his bones were left unburied and unnoticed, his bleeding scalp was borne in triumph to grace the blackened walls of the Indian's wigwam. Many a gentle, fair girl was torn from her friends and home, while the captive's cheerless fate, the captive's awful death were hers. In a quiet rural town in the heart of New England, where the slender church-spire pierces the rich foliage, and the neat white cottage contrasts beautifully with the deep velvet sward around it, at the time in which our story commences, was seen only here and there, a rude, humble log house, with its narrow patch of cultivated ground; all, all else, was a forest unbroken, and almost impenetrable.

A few bold sons of fortune had emigrated hither with their families, and having made friends with the neighboring Indians, and by kindness and gentle treatment gained their confidence, the cheerful and hardy band dwelt together in love and perfect harmony. It was a still, quiet afternoon, and on the green bank of a clear river, which winds in many a graceful curve through the rich meadows and around the base of a bold mountain, two children, a boy and girl, were reclining. All around them a dark, deep forest waved; and a little footpath, narrow, and well trodden was lost in the grove behind them, and evidently led to one of the rude huts of the settlers. The boy could not

have been over fourteen years old ; and he had an open, thoughtful brow, while upon his young face was an expression of lofty courage and fearlessness. His eye was dark and sparkling, and his full round cheeks glowed with health. His little tanned hands were busy in weaving a small willow basket ; while very often he lifted his large, bright eyes from his employment and smiled upon the gentle girl, who was watching his every movement with a look of great satisfaction. She was a little fairy ; for her age could not have exceeded ten years ; and the clear, pearly whiteness of her complexion, the soft, deep blue of her earnest eyes, with the sunny, golden curls which fell over her neck, and nearly covered the dimpled arms on which her red cheeks rested, were in striking contrast with the dark, proud beauty of the boy.

"There, Lucy," at last he exclaimed, rising to his feet, and holding up the prize, "your basket is finished, and is it not pretty ?"

"Yes, brother Harry," said the silvery voice of the child, as she grasped the treasure and gazed delightedly over it, "I am sure that even Matto himself could not frame a prettier. And now let us go and fill it with wild flowers from the glen yonder, that mamma may smile upon us when we return."

The glad children set forward, hand in hand, to gather the beautiful buds and blossoms, which smiled invitingly from the shady grove ; but a quick footstep caused them to look round, when just behind them and emerging from the little path, appeared a tall, stout Indian boy. There was a look of good humor in his swarthy face, and his keen, black eyes had nothing of

savage ferocity in their expression, but, on the contrary, a look of pity and commiseration seemed mingling in the earnest gaze with which he regarded the boy and girl. He looked cautiously about him, laid his ear upon the green earth, then silently motioning them to sit down, threw himself at their feet, and again looking all around, began in a low distinct voice,

“Matto love white man, Matto love white boy and his young White Flower, Matto never see white man killed, and his father the Great Chief, never kill pale face, or steal White Flower. But last night the chief’s cabin sheltered a strange brother. The stranger is a mighty king, and over many mountains, and across many great rivers, he came to pay his red brothers a visit. The stranger chief has a proud, cold heart, and is very angry that the white face has come to dwell among us. This morning he left the cabin and approached the white man’s hut. Matto followed though his ugly face made the boy’s heart shake. The White Flower sported before the door, and the old Chief smiled to see her. He looked long after she had entered the house, and as he turned away, Matto heard him say, ‘white girl pretty, White Flower fair, pale face lose her, Great King steal white man’s child and carry her off to his people: for the blood of pale girl make the gods glad.’ Matto’s heart very sorry, and he turn away and wander long in the deep woods. Go pale brother, and care for the White Flower; for the mighty Chief leave for his far home to night, and the pale face cry much if his Flower be gone.”

The next instant the boy had disappeared, and long after the sound of his receding footsteps had died away

did the timid girl and her startled brother sit gazing down through the dark, dim forest, nestled closely together and scarcely breathing from fear and astonishment. At last, suddenly rising, and grasping the hand of his companion, Harry Sutton moved towards the narrow path, whispering softly as he drew her along, "Oh Lucy ! that was a fearful story, and Matto would not lie. If that ugly chief should steal you Lucy, I should die ; for I would not want to live if you were gone. Though you are not my sister, I love you, oh, so much. Let us hasten, for he may be here." And the warm hearted boy threw his arms around the form of the fair child and hurried her up the winding way. They had not proceeded far ere a quick, light step arrested their attention, and looking fearfully behind, the eyes of the faithful boy fell in horror upon the figure of a tall, muscular Indian close upon them. The next instant he had seized the fainting girl in his sinewy arms, and with long and rapid strides, was bearing her away. For one moment, the agonized youth stood with his hands extended, his wild eyes glaring upon the retreating figure, and his white lips parted as if to utter a scream of terror : then with a low, faint cry, he fell to the ground, and his pale cheek pressed the rich, green sward, while the soft, dark curls mingled with the wild flowers which formed his pillow. Long had the child lain lifeless and senseless, when slowly and noiselessly proceeding up the pathway, appeared Matto, the young Chief. His quick eye caught the prostrate form of his friend, and instantly he was kneeling by his side, and had placed the cold head upon his bosom, while he gazed sadly into the inanimate face.

"The White Flower gone," he murmured. "Matto was afraid, and pale boy dead. Young Indian's heart sorry. But no, pale face must not die."

Then he gently conveyed the lifeless body to the brink of a clear spring which boiled up from the depth of a velvet brimmed basin close by, and bathed the icy forehead in the limpid waters. It was not long before life came ebbing slowly back to the crushed heart of the poor boy, and raising his head from the breast of the young Indian, he gazed wildly around him for a moment, then starting to his feet, tottered forward a few paces, but would have fallen again, had not the extended arms of Matto supported him.

"She has gone," he muttered, gazing with a strange look, into the sorrowing face of his friend. "That dreadful chief has carried her away. Ah! my mother, your heart will break. I cannot tell her, Matto. Oh, what shall we do without Lucy, my own *dear* Lucy?" And a flood of tears mingled with those of his companion, choked his further utterance.

A few moments, and the parents knew all. The mother was almost frantic with grief; for although Lucy was the child of her adoption, yet she loved her with all the devotion of a mother's heart; and the father, a man of noble soul, and a brave heart, hesitated but an instant in determining the course to pursue. The startling news soon spread throughout the little hamlet that the White Flower was a captive; that the fairest and gentlest of that small band was exposed to savage cruelty and death—and every brave, fearless man was on the march. Harry Sutton staid behind with his mother; for he was too young to join the little

company ; but his father silently and rapidly led forward the unflinching few. A long, dreary week, did they continue their search ; and it was only when the last spark of hope had died in the bosom of the gallant leader, and his low, broken tones ordered a return, that the faithful band went back to bear to the despairing mother and her anxious boy, the tidings of their ill success.

* * * * *

It was late in the afternoon, and the brilliant rays of a July sun struggled through the interwoven boughs of a deep, heavy forest. Their soft, bright light fell like a shower of diamonds upon the surface of a pure, calm lake, whose borders were fringed with many a wild, luxuriant flower, and tall, stately tree, to whose smooth, brown bark, were clinging the green vine and clustering grape. From every side of the still lake, narrow foot-paths wound their way up the green hill-side, and through the dark forest, and far in the distance, some were seen to terminate before the low door of a rude Indian wigwam.

It was a deep, shadowy, dreamy bed—that resting place of the beautiful lake : and on that peaceful, glorious afternoon, when above its broad bosom shone the blue skies, and to ripple gently its waters, came the summer breeze, whispering sadly through the trembling leaves, it appeared more lovely than ever. At least, so thought the fair, young girl who reclined on its margin, and gazed into its cold breast. For a full hour she had not raised her eyes from those sparkling waters, and not a muscle of her face had moved, not a word had departed from her half opened lips.

Her senses seemed bound by some powerful spell ; and on, on she dreamed. She was surprisingly lovely. Dressed in the Indian garb, tho' the long, abundant tresses of her golden hair, falling in wild beauty over her bare neck and shoulders of snowy whiteness : the fair, smooth brow, long, drooping lashes, entirely concealed the deep orbs beneath them, and the little pearly hands and feet, told plainly that she was no native of that uncultivated and unbroken forest.

At last she looked up, and a world of thought, of love, lay in those melting, azure eyes. They had the deep, beautiful blue of the arching skies above her head, and the black lashes which fringed them made them lie in shadow, like the sweet lake at her feet.

She spoke. There was music in the clear, low voice, and as she bent her head upon her clasped hands, until the long unshorn curls concealed her face, she said, almost in a whisper,

“Yes, I remember him—he was a bold, noble boy—and I loved to look into his dark eyes. He loved me ; yet I think he was not my brother. And I loved him, too ; oh, so dearly ! My mother—I have not forgotten her quiet look, nor the high, proud brow of my dear father. Eight years,” she murmured, slowly ; “yes, it is eight years since Harry and I were sporting down that pleasant glen, and I was borne away. I wonder if my brother wept—I wonder if he remembers me. He said he should die if I were lost. Perhaps he is dead ;” and a shudder passed over her frame. “My mother ; has she forgotten her child ? Lucy they called me then. I wonder if the White Flower has altered much. Oh,

my mother, my dear father, and Harry, how I wish I could see you all again."

"Whom would the White Flower see?" said a low, sweet voice, at her side; and the sad girl raised her tearful eyes to the bending form of a graceful Indian maiden, who had approached her unnoticed. She was young, not older than her companion, and almost as singularly beautiful. Her features were perfect, and her form faultless: and upon her broad, dark forehead, *intellect* was stamped, while its light flashed from the unread depths of her large lustrous eyes. The long, straight, flowing hair, fell all over her flushed cheeks, as she bent above her friend; and when she opened her ripe red lips to speak, two rows of the whitest and pearliest teeth glowed from between them, and the deep tones of her voice were like the music of a rippling rill.

"Whom would the White Flower see?" she repeated, winding her arms about the neck of the silent girl, and drawing her tenderly to her bosom. "Is not Wanetta by her side, and is she not loved by the great chief's daughter—is she not her sister?"

"Wanetta is good and kind," sighed the White Flower, as she pressed her lips lovingly to the brown forehead. "Wanetta is good, and the White Flower loves her red sister much, *very* much. But she cannot forget the dear friends she has lost—she cannot forget her early home, nor how her long absence is mourned and wept."

"Then White Flower would leave her red sister," sadly said the Indian girl, as she wiped a tear from

her eye: "she would return to her own people, and dwell far from Wanetta's side?"

"She would go, if Wanetta could accompany her," quickly interrupted the fair girl. "She would be glad to see, once more, the mother and father who watched over her infancy, and the glad young brother she once loved. But she can never see them more; for a great way lies between the White Flower and her once bright home. No—she would not leave Wanetta; for does she not owe her life to the great chief's daughter?"

"Yes, yes," whispered the maiden, as if to herself. "My father listened to me then; he saved the life of the White Flower—he permitted her to be his daughter and the sister of his child. But now"—and a deep shade passed over her thoughtful face—"now he will not heed my cries! The pale sister must know," she continued, in a louder tone, "that a white brother lies bound in yonder wigwam. Wanetta has prayed, but in vain, that the great chief would spare the life of the pale face. But he heeds not her prayer. The captive must die."

"A captive bound and doomed to death!" said the White Flower. "Oh! Wanetta, can he not be saved?" A tear sparkled in the sad blue eyes of the earnest girl, and she looked anxiously into the averted face of her friend.

But the maiden shook her head. She, too, wept as she said,

"The chief waits only his return from a neighboring tribe, whither he has just gone, to sacrifice his victim. He is a fair-faced youth, of noble mien; and

on his pale brow I saw despair and anguish written. He may—yes, he may have a mother to weep his fate; but *bride* he has none: he is too much a boy. But come. Would the White Flower gaze upon the captive? He sits alone in yonder wigwam; and it might give him joy to see the pale sister.”

Silently the two maidens ascended the hill, and approached the lonely hut. An old Indian was stationed near the door as sentinel; but the chief's daughter proudly waved her little hand, uttering, in a low tone,

“Omongo may away; for Wanetta and her sister would see the prisoner;” and the old man quickly retired.

Noiselessly the bear-skin was moved aside, and peering through the aperture into the gloomy apartment, the girls stood, each breathlessly gazing upon the captive youth. He was indeed of noble bearing—a mere boy; but on his broad, open forehead, was no shadow of fear. His proud, dark eye, bent upon the ground, quailed not; and no tear-drop stained his manly cheek. Thick, soft locks, of jetty hue, clustered around his fine head, and lay in natural curls over the low collar of his blue hunting-coat. He sat with his arms folded upon his breast, and as his thoughts evidently wandered back to friends and home, a shade of deep sadness crossed his face, and one low sigh came from his bosom.

The bear-skin slowly dropped to its place, and Wanetta turned sorrowfully toward her companion. A faint scream escaped her lips as she darted forward and caught the fainting girl in her arms. She bore

her, with lightning speed, down the green declivity, and laid her gently upon the bank of the pure lake ; then dipping the cool water with her trembling hands, she sprinkled the white forehead of the pale Flower, calling upon her with her silvery voice to awake.

"Is the White Flower dead?" she sighed. "Poor pale sister. Wanetta loves her—loves much—she must awake."

"Did I dream, Wanetta?" whispered the bewildered girl, as she slowly opened her eyes and started from the maiden's embrace. "No—I have seen him—it is he—*it is*—and he must die! Wanetta, that captive shall *not* die. The young brother of the White Flower must not perish. He is my brother, Wanetta—my own dear brother—the little boy I left so long ago. Oh, yes, I remember his soft eyes, and those dark, glossy curls. I have never forgotten him. I must see him again, Wanetta. I would ask him if he remembers the White Flower—Lucy, his sister—and the dark day she left him alone." And the excited girl hid her face in the bosom of her red sister and wept.

"Hush: the White Flower must not cry much," whispered the affectionate creature. "The pale face shall be free, and his young Flower shall return with him to the home of her fathers. Yes," she added, calmly, but sorrowfully, bending over the head of the weeping child, "Wanetta will send her away, though it will almost break her heart. Come, will we see the young chief again? Shall the pale captive's sister gladden his heart?"

There was a look of resignation and deep sorrow on the heroic maiden's face, as she arose and drew

her companion toward the narrow path leading to the wigwam. But she appeared very firm, and seemed bent upon some daring object.

“Would the White Flower tarry till Wanetta shall tell her brother?” she said, seeing the fair girl irresolute.

“Yes, dear Wanetta: tell the pale face that the sister he once loved would see him again—tell him she remembers him well, and that she will never see him die!”

The next moment, the graceful figure had bounded up the pathway, and was again at the entrance of the rude hut. The guard was motioned away—the swinging door rose and fell—and she stood, silent and sad, before the captive. His eyes were still bent upon the earth, and he raised them not at the slight footfall of the fairy intruder; and, for an instant, she stood regarding him with fixed and earnest attention. At last, her soft, low voice, sounded in his ear, and he looked wonderingly up into her sweet, pitying face.

“The pale face is weary, and would go back again to his people. He likes not to be a captive; and the Great Chief has sworn that he shall die. But he shall yet be free—shall yet go home, and carry his White Flower to her mother’s bosom.”

The youth started as the strange girl’s last sentence fell upon his ear, and, with a smile, he repeated,

“White Flower?”

“Yes: the White Flower lives—is the Chief’s daughter and Wanetta’s sister. She loves her white sister, and would not let her go: but shall White Flower see her young brother perish? No—never!”

"Tell me," cried the startled youth, wild with joy and amazement; "tell me if what you say is true—if my own sister Lucy—my precious sister is yet alive?"

Scarcely had he spoken, when a flood of light streamed in from the aperture, then the dry skin fell again, and the White Flower rushed to her brother's arms. She uttered a low, joyful cry, as her beautiful head rested upon the bosom of the glad youth, with her snowy arms about his neck; and the Indian maiden turned aside to brush away a tear, half of joy, half of regret. The young man could not speak; but sat as if doubting the evidence of his senses, while he gazed with a look of intense interest over the lovely face of the clinging girl. A soft, tremulous voice, broke the silence, and oh! it was the same thrilling music which had so often swept across his soul, in days long gone by.

"Harry, *dear* Harry! we will never part more. Tell me, oh, tell me, does our mother yet live?—and our noble father—where is he? Speak, my brother; or do you not know your own Lucy?"

"Know you, Lucy? know you! Surprise and joy have kept me silent; but should I not have known this fair brow and these sweet eyes among ten thousand? Oh, Lucy! I am *so* happy: for life to me has been a dark and dreary day since you were torn from my arms. And our poor parents have never become reconciled to your loss. Night and morning we have wept bitter tears—and year after year we have hoped to see you once more, and been disappointed. But we shall be happy again; oh! so *very* happy!"

"Pale face says truly," said the Indian girl, as she knelt at the feet of the White Flower, and threw her arms about her waist. "White Flower shall go home with her brother; and the cabin shall know her no longer. Wanetta will weep all day, and at night she shall dream of her sister, and stand again by her side. Yes—Wanetta will cry long for her pale Flower, and seek her by the pure lake and along the hill-side. The wild flowerets shall wither on their beds; for Wanetta will want none to wind among the bright curls of her young sister—none to wreath above her brow. Wanetta is glad that the White Flower has taught her to read; and the little books they have read together will be always near her. She will pray every day to the Great Spirit that she may yet once more see her sister's face." She moved toward the door, saying, in a low tone, "White Flower stay with her brother, and Wanetta come again."

It was several hours before the Chief's daughter returned to the prisoner's hut, and the interview of Harry Sutton and his restored sister was interesting and uninterrupted.

The White Flower artlessly and with many tears told the story of her long captivity, her love for the warm hearted Wanetta, and how she had often longed to know something of the dear friends from whose embrace she had been so suddenly and cruelly torn; how she had wept often when thinking of her parents and brother, and that her tears had always been dried by the gentle hand of her red sister. And Harry told the weeping girl whom he folded to his heart of the deep sadness of the little group who had nightly gathered

around their hearth-stone, and how her name had ever mingled in their prayers and conversation. He told her how he had endeavored to supply her place to his mother's mourning heart, and that he had ever whispered of hope, though a dark cloud hung upon his spirits, and often his pillow had been drenched in tears.

"Oh, Lucy!" he concluded, as he kissed her smooth brow, and looked tenderly into her beaming eyes, "shall we not be very happy if we ever reach that pleasant home, and our dear, kind parents, who are, ere this, filled with anxiety for the safety of their only son?"

It was a glorious, cloudless evening, when Harry Sutton and his sister noiselessly followed the brave Indian girl out of the low wigwam, and down the narrow path, to the borders of the still lake. The full moon was peeping down through the thick forest trees, and casting many a fantastic shadow over the green sward. Not a word was spoken till they reached the farther side of the lake, when the three stopped and gazed around them.

"We are safe," whispered Wanetta, "not till morning will your flight be discovered, and my father with nearly all the braves of his band are away, when they return, you will be beyond pursuit, and the proud chief's daughter will quell her father's rage." Then stooping, she took from behind a large tree, a small bundle, which she put into the hands of the admiring youth, saying softly, "Here are provisions, for you will need food: and some clothes for the White Flower; now," she continued, in a sadder tone, while she drew the weeping girl to her bosom, "now the white Flower

must go. Wanetta is very sorry, but she cry not now. The pale face will love his young sister, and she will find her own mother far away. But will she never think of her poor red sister, will she soon forget her?"

"Dear, *dear* Wanetta," sobbed the weeping girl, "White Flower will never forget you. Oh, would that she could take the chief's child to her far home. All day and all night the pale Flower will think and dream of Wanetta, and she will pray the Great Spirit that she may see her red sister again."

"Then go," said the noble girl, "Wanetta gives you up, she will go back to her lonely hut and try to sleep: but the pale face must speed his way, and the White Flower will never tire."

She pressed the hand of the young man to her lips, then placed that of the White Flower within it, bent her brown forehead for an instant upon the neck of her friend, and then her light form was seen a moment bounding over the path, and lost in shadow, while the fugitives pursued rapidly and in silence, their devious way through the untrodden wild.—It was a dreadful night. A dark and lowering sky covered the earth, through whose gloomy depths the lightnings flashed vividly, while the low, hoarse thunder muttered in the distance. A terrible storm was gathering, and the bravest men and youth of the hamlet had assembled in their snug cottages to listen fearfully to the war of elements without. In the comfortable kitchen of a neat, small house, was seated a man in middle life, with a bold, open face, and a lady but little younger, on whose handsome countenance was a look of wild distress and deep anxiety. She often walked

impatiently towards the window, looked a moment out into the thick darkness, then returned to her seat, while the troubled expression of her face grew deeper, and a shudder passed over her frame as each loud peal came to her ear, and flash after flash of lurid light turned the dense darkness to day. Her companion was not unconcerned, but often bending his head upon his clasped hands, a low, faint groan escaped his bosom, and even his stout frame tremoled with no common fear.

"Oh, Henry!" at last whispered the woman, as she leaned upon his shoulder, and covered her ashy face in his breast, "'tis fearful, Where can our darling be? Perhaps he has fallen by a savage hand, or he may even now be a captive and doomed to an awful death. Oh, Heaven! why comes he not?" A deep sob heaved her bosom, and the stricken mother wept bitter tears.

"God will watch over him," said the husband, and his voice quivered while he brushed a tear from his rough cheek. "Let us trust in Him, He will not smite us a second time, and tear from our arms forever our only child. Oh, my dear wife, let us be patient, Harry will return. 'Tis true he has been long away, longer than we expected, but you know his fondness for hunting, and love of adventure. Let us not despair, but look in faith to Heaven, and we shall yet see our dear boy in safety, and bless him many times more."

"God grant it," sighed the weeping wife, "but this is a dreadful night, and if he should be exposed to this awful tempest — hark! what did I hear! It was a footstep, a voice, there, did you not hear a whisper?"

She bent eagerly forward, then started towards the door, and as it softly opened to admit the weary wanderers ; Harry Sutton fell upon his mother's neck, and was folded to her yearning heart.

"Mother, dear Mother !" he said hurriedly, "God has preserved us through every danger, and brought, not only your own boy to your arms, but Lucy, the lost, the restored child of your love."

While his astonished parents gazed incredulously into his beaming face, and from him to the silent girl, the fond youth gently removed the large Indian blanket which had entirely concealed her form, and the next moment the beautiful White Flower nestled to her mother's bosom, and wept hysterically in her arms.

"Lucy ! my sweet, my darling Lucy !" was all the glad woman could utter, as she raised the drooping head of her ever idolized, long lamented child, and pressed her warm kisses upon her lovely face, and as Harry knelt at his mother's feet and covered his tearful eyes, the overjoyed father laid a hand upon the head of each restored child, and upon the hushed air arose a tremulous prayer of praise and thanksgiving to Him who had guided the feet of his dear ones through the lone wilderness, and brought them, after so much danger and peril, to the safe and happy home which had so often sheltered them, and to the warm hearts which had yearned to bless them.

A happy group that evening gathered around the hearth-stone of Henry Sutton, and the touching story of the wanderers was listened to with many a trembling sigh and falling tear. But they were happy—happy in being restored to each other's arms : and as the

angry clouds passed away from the shrouded heavens and left the clear, blue vault with its sparkling gems, undimmed and unobscured, so passed from the joyous hearts of those glad parents, a weight of anguish, which for eight long years had rendered life a dark and gloomy day.

* * * * *

Twenty-five years had passed since the commencement of our story : and they had brought with them the changes which time always effects. The small settlement in the bosom of the wilderness, had become a thriving and busy little village, the forest trees were cleared away : and a neat, humble church, with its taper spire, and small, white cottages, embosomed in foliage, and fields of grain, and meadows of rich pasturage, had taken place of the low log hut and wild waste. The bright silver stream, whose waters had been ever in shadow, now spread its placid bosom to the pure sunbeams, and danced along in very joyousness, while upon its sloping shore, wandered fair young girls and laughing boys, in quest of clustering wild flowers, without fear ; for the foot of an Indian had not for many years pressed its bank.

Near the river's shore, and in sight of its shining waters, stood a beautiful little cottage, its low windows shaded by a clambering vine, and the narrow, green path which led to the door, winding its way through a thicket of drooping rose bushes, while far away, and stretching to the brink of the stream, was a meadow of rich sward, with here and there a clump of trees scattered over it. In full view, rose the slender church spire, relieved against the side of a bold,

dark mountain, around whose rocky foot, dashed the dancing river, its white waves foaming and sparkling in the sunlight.

A summer's day, bland and soft, was drawing to a close, and beneath the low portico of the sweet cottage a family group had assembled to watch the golden light which streamed up from behind the mountain, as the glorious sun sunk calmly to rest. An old man, with grey locks and a trembling hand leaned upon his staff, and by his side, her mild face, serene as the blue sky above them, stood an aged matron, clasping the hand of a bright boy of four years, whose young, dark eyes were riveted upon the gaudy west, while a cry of childish joy burst from his lips. At a little distance, stood a tall, fine looking man of thirty-five, with a broad, intellectual forehead, shaded by jetty locks, and dark, eloquent eyes, which were fixed, not upon the glowing west, but with a look of deep and earnest adoration, they rested upon the beautiful woman who hung devotedly upon his arm. Her soft, blue eyes looked into his with an expression of fondness and perfect confidence, and the light of joy and happiness dwelt upon her pure white brow. At their side, and bending gracefully over a large, blooming rose bush, was a young girl of fifteen years, and a lovelier creature never bounded over her native hills. A smile half parted her red lips, and as she shook from her flushed cheeks, the world of brown curls which fell over them, and raised her deep, beautiful eyes to the silent group near her, while she twined the pale buds she had culled 'mid the heavy braids of her mother's hair, a low, sil-

very laugh rung out on the hushed air, and clapping her little hands with delight, she cried in a voice of music,

"Dearest mamma, you shall always wear a wreath of roses in your hair, for they make you look *so* sweet."

Then, before the blushing matron could reply, her mouth was smothered with kisses, and the white arms of the fairy girl were thrown about her neck, while, with all a mother's pride, she held her darling to her bosom, and pressed a kiss upon her pure marble brow.

"Look, Netta," said the father, as he pointed toward the golden crowned mountain, and gazed from her young, glad face, upon the western sky; "yonder is a glorious sight! Do you see those snowy clouds, floating across the blue expanse and gently losing themselves in the bed of fire which gilds the mountain's summit? Oh, Lucy," he continued, "what painter's pencil could portray a scene of such unearthly splendor?"

"Lucy," said a faint, low voice, near them; and the little group turned suddenly round, but stood spell-bound, as the figure of a tall, graceful woman, met their gaze, standing perfectly motionless—her large, black, piercing eyes, fixed with a wild expression upon the face of Netta, her long jetty hair hanging loosely over her shoulders; and her dark, thin face wearing a look of strange and bewildering anxiety. A large blanket nearly covered her person, and she drew her hands from beneath it and pressed them firmly upon her brown forehead, while a rush of tumultuous emotions seemed overpowering her: then suddenly starting forward, as a calm smile spread itself over her handsome features, she grasped both hands of the

beautiful girl before her, and gazed for a moment into her eyes ; then slowly turning toward the astonished mother, she muttered, in a low, rich voice,

“She is like the White Flower, as she was when she left the Chief’s cabin ; but White Flower must have altered some, for Wanetta’s step has become heavy and her eye dull.”

“Wanetta !” burst from every tongue of the before silent group ; and with a cry of joy, Lucy Sutton fell upon the neck of her red sister, and pressed her wildly to her heart. Tears started to the fine eyes of the happy husband, as he grasped the hand of his preserver, and a faint blessing arose above her head from the lips of the aged parents, while the white arms of Netta twined themselves about her neck, and the merry boy clapped his tiny hands, and lisped out,

“It’s ma’s red sister—it is—it is !”

“Dear, dear Wanetta,” murmured Mrs. Sutton, as she led the tired woman into their beautiful cottage ; “I have prayed long for this day, and Heaven has sent you at last to dwell among us and be one of our own happy family. The White Flower has changed in looks, but her heart is the same, and she loves her red sister as fondly as ever. Oh, she could never forget her !”

“Yes,” whispered the grateful creature, as she gazed lovingly over the sweet face of her friend, and clasped her hands in both hers ; “yes, the White Flower is changed, but she is still lovely, and she remembers the red sister who worshiped her. Wanetta has seen her father die, and she wept long upon his cold face ; but she has left his grave and the graves

of her people, and come a long way over a strange country, to see once more her White Flower, and to die with her. And she welcomes her to her own glad home, and the young Flower smiles upon her, while the pale face has blest her. Wanetta is happy now," she sobbed, as, leaning upon the bosom of her friend, she wept like a child. "Wanetta is happy, and she will thank the Great Spirit that she is once more by her sister's side; and she will never leave her more."

Long ages have passed away since the red man's shrill cry was heard through our noble forests, and his light and graceful canoe glided over our peaceful rivers. Time, with a ruthless hand, has cast every vestige of their once happy homes and broad hunting-grounds to the winds; but beneath the soil we now tread so proudly and fearlessly, have crumbled the bones of many a warlike tribe, once proud in the possession of their untamed natures and wild and strange customs.

Wanetta, the dark-eyed child of the haughty Chief, with the fair sister she cherished so fondly and faithfully, the White Flower she idolized, has long slept with her warrior fathers; but the memory of her gentle virtues and her beautiful constancy, will never fade from the heart.

SABBATH REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. J. L. GRAY.

I REMEMBER, I remember, when Sabbath morning rose,
We changed, for garments neat and clean, our soiled
and week-day clothes ;

And yet no gaud nor finery, no brooch nor jewel rare,
But hands and faces polished bright, and smoothly
parted hair ;

'Twas not the decking of the head, my father used to
say,

But careful clothing of the heart, that graced that holy
day—

'Twas not the bonnet, nor the dress ; and I believed it
true ;

But these were very simple times, and I was simple,
too.

I remember, I remember, the parlor where we met—
Its papered wall, its polished floor, and mantle black
as jet :

'Twas there we raised our morning hymn, melodious,
sweet, and clear,

And joined in prayer with that loved voice which we
no more may hear.

Our morning sacrifice thus made, then to the house of
God,

How solemnly, and silently, and cheerfully we trod !

I see, e'en now, its low, thatched roof, its floor of trodden clay,
And our old Pastor's time-worn face, and wig of silver grey.

I remember, I remember, how hushed and mute we were,
While he led our spirits up to God, in heartfelt, melting prayer :
To grace his action or his voice, no studied charm was lent—
Pure, fervent, glowing from the heart, so to the heart it went.
Then came the sermon, long and quaint, but full of gospel truth—
Ah me ! I was no judge of that, for I was then a youth ;
But I have heard my father say, and well my father knew,
In it was meat for full-grown men, and milk for children, too.

I remember, I remember, as 'twere but yesterday,
The Psalms in Rouse's version sung, a rude but lovely lay,
Nor yet, though fashion's hand has tried to train my wayward ear,
Can I find aught in modern verse, so holy or so dear !
And well do I remember, too, our old Precentor's face,
As he read out and sung the line, with patriarchal grace ;
Though rudely rustic was the sound, I'm sure that
God was praised,

When David's words, to David's tune*, five hundred
voices raised !

I remember, I remember, the morning sermon done,
And hour of intermission come, we wandered in the
sun—

How hoary farmers sat them down upon the daisy sod,
And talked of bounteous nature's stores, and nature's
bounteous God ;

And matrons talked, as matrons will, of sickness and
of health—

Of births, and deaths, and marriages—of poverty and
wealth ;

And youths and maidens stole apart, within the shady
grove,

And whispered, 'neath its spreading boughs, perchance
some tale of love !

I remember, I remember, how to the churchyard lone,
I've stolen away, and sat me down beside the rude
grave-stone ;

Or read the names of those that slept beneath the clay-
cold clod,

And thought of spirits glittering bright, before the
throne of God !

Or where the little rivulet danced sportively and bright,
Receiving on its limpid breast the sun's meridian light,
I've wandered forth, and thought if hearts were pure,
like this sweet stream,

*St. David's was one of the few tunes used by the church to
which I have allusion, and the choir was the whole congregation.

How fair to Heaven they might reflect Heaven's un-
created beam !

I remember, I remember, the second sermon o'er,
We turned our faces once again to our paternal door ;
And round the well-filled, ample board, sat no reluc-
tant guest ;
For exercise gave appetite, and loved ones shared the
feast !
Then, ere the sunset hour arrived, as we were wont
to do,
The Catechism's well-conned page, we said it through
and through ;
And childhood's faltering tongue was heard to lisp the
holy word,
And older voices read aloud the Message of the Lord.

Away back in those days of yore, perhaps the fault
was mine,
I used to think the Sabbath-day, dear Lord, was whol-
ly thine,
When it behoved to keep the heart, and bridle fast the
tongue ;
But these were very simple times, and I was very
young.
The world has grown much older since those sun-bright
Sabbath-days—
The world has grown much older since, and she has
changed her ways—
Some say that she has wiser grown—Ah me ! it may
be true,

As wisdom comes by length of years—but so does do-
tage, too.

Oh! happy, happy years of youth! how beautiful, how
fair,

To memory's retrospective eye, your trodden path-
ways are!

The thorns forgot, remembered still the fragrance of
the flowers,

The loved companions of my youth, and sunny Sab-
bath hours!

And onward, onward, onward still, successive Sab-
baths come,

As guides to lead us on the road to our eternal home,
Or like the visioned ladder once to slumbering Jacob
given,

From heaven descending to the earth, lead back from
earth to heaven!

Easton, Pa.

THE POWER OF GOD

AS MANIFESTED IN THE BIBLE.

BY REV. W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

REASON ascribes to the Supreme Being infinite power. She contemplates God as the Creator of all things; not merely as moulding the material after it is made, but as having shut the gulf between existence and non-existence, by originating the material itself; and well may she conclude that the power which can accomplish such a work as this, is without a limit. But we claim that this attribute is yet more clearly and gloriously illustrated in the Bible.

The great facts from which reason infers the infinite power of God, viz: the creation and government of the world, are here matters of direct record, and are exhibited with almost every variety of illustration. The first thing that meets us as we open the Bible, is the history of creation, not merely a divine endorsement of the discovery of reason, that God made the world; but a particular account of the mode of divine procedure in this work, of the successive efforts of Almighty power, in the production of existence, and life and beauty, till all was pronounced very good. And the continued agency of God in preserving, upholding, and directing all things; in ruling in the empire of providence; in over-ruling even the wrath

of man, is also here exhibited, and with a sublimity which the loftiest strains of human poetry and eloquence have never reached. Not only are the best conclusions of reason in reference to these subjects fully justified by the Word of God, but the Word of God surrounds these subjects with additional light, and enlarges the sphere of our vision in respect to them, giving at once, clearness to our views, and strength to our convictions.

Look abroad, if you will, upon the handy work of God, and see how the sun, moon, and stars shine to illumine the world; and the earth performs her stated revolutions, and the vast mechanism of creation is kept moving continually, by an invisible power; and then look into the Bible, and see with what incomparable beauty and majesty these wonderful facts are exhibited. You cannot resist the impression that what you read, is a faithful description of what you behold; nay, that the results of your observation are greatly corrected and amplified by the record. You feel that the picture which you contemplate was not only drawn from life, and drawn with unerring accuracy, but that the hand which guided the pencil had produced the very works which it describes.

The whole economy of miracles also illustrates the power of God. I do not mean that it requires a greater exertion of divine power to work a miracle, than to preserve what we call the common course of nature—greater power to restore life than to produce it at first—to cause the paralytic to leap and walk, than to keep the body moving with its native vigor; for to a Being possessed of omnipotence, all acts, considered merely

with reference to power, are equally easy. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that the power of God is rendered far more impressive by being exhibited in miracles, than as it is contemplated in the ordinary course of His providence. And the reason is, that while we are familiarized to the latter, the former takes us by surprise.

You see the waters flowing in their regular channels, according to the ordinance of God, every day, and perhaps you never so much as think of the power of God in connection with it ; but let the waters suddenly flow back, and the bed of the river be laid bare at the command of God, and you would be overwhelmed by such an exhibition of omnipotence. In like manner, you see the earth performing its regular and stated revolutions, now illumined by the sun and now clothed in darkness ; and the only thought you have of it is, that it is according to the order of nature ; but let the sun stand still, as it did in the valley of Ajalon, or let darkness brood over the earth at noonday, as it did at the crucifixion ; and how quickly will the Almighty God be in all your thoughts !

Now it is obvious that a large part of the agency of God, as it is exhibited in the Bible, is a miraculous agency ; and of course eminently fitted to impress us with the greatness of his power. Read the history of the patriarchs, and notice his miraculous manifestations under that dispensation, both for mercy and judgment ; how on the one hand, he appeared in various forms, communing with them as a man communes with his friend ; and on the other, stood forth as the avenger of evil, not only burning cities, but drowning

a world. Trace his miraculous agency under the Jewish economy, and you will find it displayed here towards individuals, and there, towards the nation at large ; here in the pillar of cloud and of fire, and there in the fiery serpents that were sent to kill, and there the brazen serpent that was lifted up to cure ; here in the glories of the burning mount ; and there in the wonders of the Red sea ; here in the manna descending from the clouds, and there in the water flowing from the rock.

And if you pass from the Jewish to the Christian dispensation, in its earlier stages, you find the age of miracles not yet passed away. In the birth, the life, the death, the resurrection, the ascension of Jesus Christ, we have a series of the most stupenduous miracles ; and after his return to Heaven, miracles were wrought by his Apostles, and continued to be wrought till after the canon of Scripture was closed, and Christianity had become fairly established. Indeed, you may read whatever part of inspired history you will, from Genesis to Revelation, and you can hardly fail to realise that you are always in the presence of a wonder-working agency.

And here it may be remarked, that the fact that many of the miracles recorded in Scripture, were wrought in connection with human instrumentality, instead of rendering them less impressive as an exhibition of divine power, actually renders them more so ; for the feebleness of the instrument only magnifies the energy that wields it.

Moses was commanded to smite with his rod, and the rock poured forth water. Naaman was

commanded to wash 'in Jordon, and his leprosy disappeared. The blind man was commanded to anoint his eyes with clay, and behold his sight was restored to him. But who does not see how powerless was the rod, and the water, and the clay, to produce the effects which resulted from the use of them? Who does not see that God's Almighty power appeared even more conspicuous, more glorious, from being contemplated in the feebleness of the means in which it had its operation?

Again, what a wonderful display of God's omnipotence is made in the redemption of the soul from the power of sin, and here the Bible not only gives us the doctrine, but illustrates the doctrine by a copious and extended history. And what, then, are the *teachings* of the Bible in relation to this subject? Nothing less than that man as a sinner, is morally diseased, impotent, self-ruined; that his faculties and affections are all enlisted in the service of sin, insomuch that by his own, unassisted powers, he never turns from sin to holiness; that God's spirit, by a mysterious agency works for the renovation of the soul, bringing order out of confusion, and light out of darkness, and restoring, at first faintly, and at last fully, that divine image which sin had effaced. The result of this operation is the new creature; old things have passed away, and all things have become new. And if Almighty power was manifested in the original creation of the soul, surely it is manifested not less in this *new* creation, this resurrection from the death of sin to the life of holiness.

But the Bible is full of facts to illustrate this doc-

trine, facts which can in no wise be accounted for, but on the supposition that the doctrine is true. When the Gospel was first introduced by Christ and his Apostles, the whole world, with but few exceptions, was sunk deep in moral corruption; it was one vast aceldama, over which the darkness of death brooded, and seemed likely to brood forever. But as the Gospel was published, the dry bones began to move, and one, and another, and another, became the subject of a spiritual resurrection, and ere long there was a great multitude that had put off the works of darkness and put on the armour of light; and there were churches, not a few, scattered here and there amidst the wilds of Paganism. Need I refer to the memorable case of Saul of Tarsus? you remember how he was not only an enemy, but a persecutor of the saints; how he not only hated their religion, but thirsted for their blood, and was hurrying away to Damascus to gratify this hellish appetite, when he had that wonderful meeting with the Son of God, which resulted in his conversion. How quickly is the enemy and the persecutor changed into the friend and the disciple! How the heart that could brood with delight over a bloody project, now breathes the spirit of humility, and good-will, and devotion! How the whole purpose of his life is changed and a character full of fierceness and malignity brightens into an illustrious example of moral excellence! I admit that some of the *circumstances* attending this event were miraculous; but the event itself was no greater miracle than occurs in the conversion of every sinner. To say nothing here of the power by which the subject of this change was struck to the ground,

and was struck blind by the insufferable splendor that surrounded him, what think you of the power that thus in a moment, effectually changed the haughty persecutor's mind, and caused him to breathe forth the prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" what power was that which, from that hour, made him the constant, and earnest, and laborious friend of that cause which he had been fierce to destroy; which nerved him to encounter the most vigorous and even desperate opposition, and which finally made him strong to die a martyr to the cause for which he had been honored to live.

And this leads me to say, what indeed has been already intimated, that the power of God is manifested, not merely in the doctrine that teaches, and the facts that illustrate, the conversion of sinners from sin to holiness, but also in the whole work of their sanctification—in their victories over temptation and corruption—in the consolation that sustains them in the hour of sorrow—in short, in every step of their progress toward their heavenly home. The Bible expressly teaches that the principle of divine life that is implanted in the soul in regeneration, is sustained and invigorated by the same power that implanted it; that the saints are mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; that they are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation; and that in the most advanced period of their sanctification, they are constrained to acknowledge that it is by the grace of God that they are what they are. And so far as the history of individual saints is recorded in the Bible, we find that it is in perfect accordance with this doctrine. They are con-

scious of weakness, but they feel that in Jehovah they have a fountain of strength. They are sometimes in darkness, but presently they feel a reviving light shines upon them. They have their enemies, but faith in God enables them to conquer. Thus is the recorded experience of God's people, the exact counterpart of the Scripture doctrine concerning them, while both the one and the other strikingly illustrate the power of God.

And there are events yet future, recorded in the Bible, as matters of prophecy, in which are to be the most majestic displays of omnipotence. The conversion of the world to Christianity is as yet only begun; a great portion of the earth is still the theatre of gross darkness and abominable idolatry. But the abominations of Paganism are hereafter all to cease, and Christianity is to assert and maintain a universal dominion, and praise to the living and true God is to ascend as a mighty cloud of incense from all parts of the earth. And at a period yet more remote, there is to come the final consummation, the waking up of the dead in every grave, the mountains trembling from their bases, the earth heaving in frightful convulsions, and wrapped in funereal fires, the congregating of all the living and the restored dead around the judgment seat, the conduct and the issues of the final trial, and the production of the new heavens, and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness; and what an exhibition will these events be of the mighty power of God! The mind cannot contemplate it, but that it labors and labors under the burden of its own conceptions.

MY NATIVE VALE.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

My native vale ! a mother there
First taught my steps to rove,
When all was peace, and innocence,
And purity, and love.

Oh ! memory oft with joy returns
To hours of mirth and glee,
When breaking bonds of home control,
I roamed the valleys, free.

Ambition had not fired my thoughts,
My heart no care had known,
Nor sorrow round my youthful frame
Its withering mantle thrown.

Upon the bank I took my stand,
And watched the finny tribe,
And offered with an angler's skill,
To each the tempting bribe.

Oh, halcyon days of youth and peace !
How oft, in after years,
When sorrow's blight hath mar'd the hopes,
And dim'd the eye with tears,—

Doth memory turn from manhood's cares
Youth's fleeting joys to scan,
And murmur, 'when so blest a boy,
Oh, who would be a man ?'





